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Vol. CXXIV. No. 1619 JAN. 31, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

IN THIS ISSUE:—

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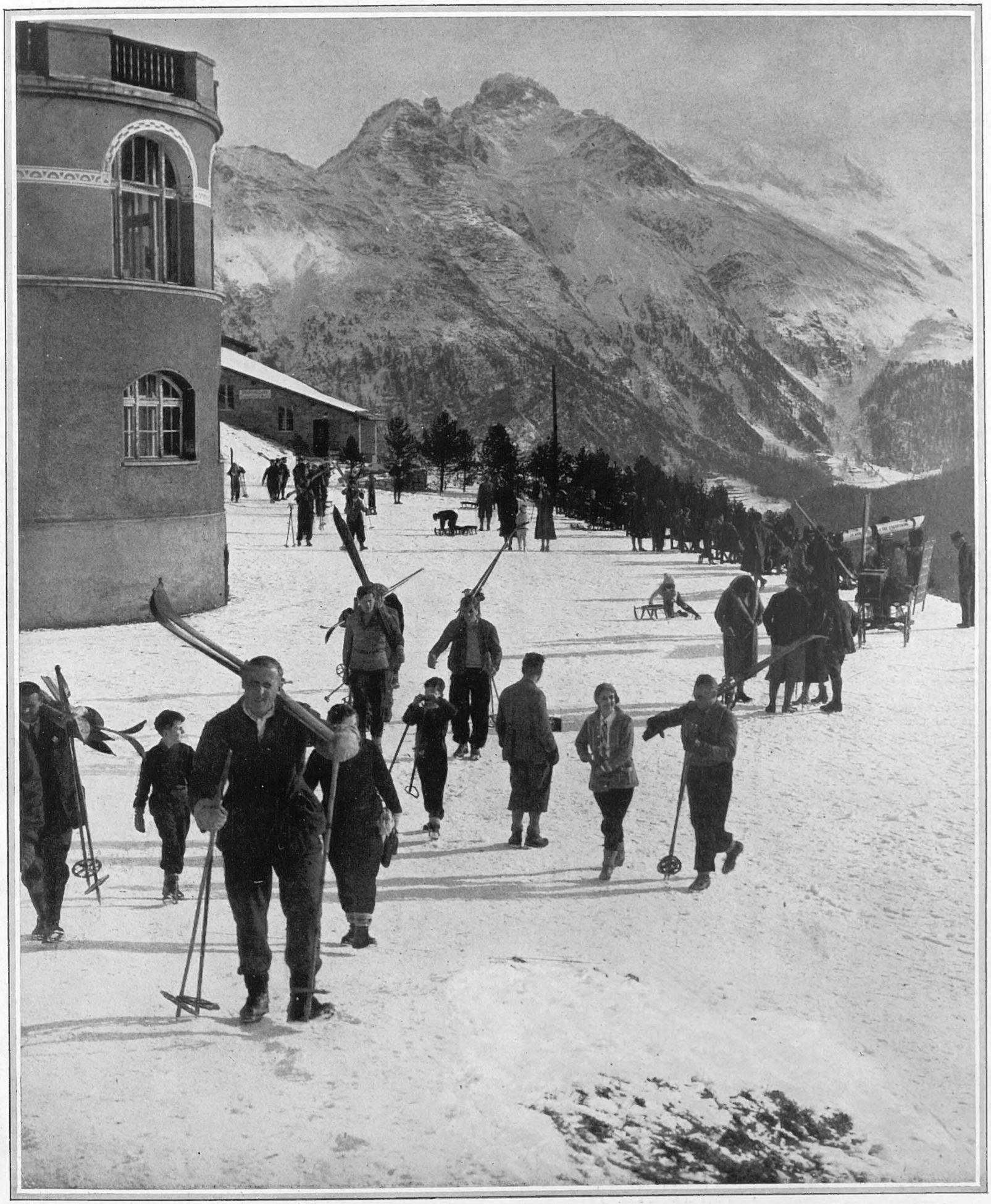


HAPPY SUBJECTS of the QUEEN of the ENGADIN

Ski-ers on the Slopes near St. Moritz

The Swiss Season is now in full swing. Although the great annual exodus takes place in the last days of December and the first of January, the ideal conditions are attained towards the end of this month and the beginning of next. The ski-ing fields near St. Moritz—universally acknowledged Queen of the Engadin and the most fashionable and cosmopolitan resort in the country—are thronged with happy holiday-makers, one group en route to which is seen above

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 28, 1931

Principle — or Interest ?—The Government fell heavily at the first fence, jostled and overturned by its stable companions; but *Juggernaut Car's* jockey, R. MacDonald, was on his feet in a moment and back in the saddle in no time. No Government was ever yet defeated but the Opposition waved handkerchiefs and cried "Resign"! and Mr. MacDonald made a time-honoured reply when he declared there was *no principle involved*. Is it permitted one to read with a smile a new significance in those trite words? I feel that Mr. MacDonald spoke truth. Here is one of a series of spendthrift bills, hastily constructed, ill-considered, to be rushed through at all costs before the Government is finally knocked out after a series of humiliating counts. At a time as grave as this there is politically more interest than principle involved in such reckless measures. "Look what we did for you" is still regarded as the best slogan at a General Election. And so we come to the Second Reading of the Trades Disputes Bill—the events of which must be dealt with next week.

A Fellow and his Biscuit.—There was once a proud duke who discovered that he had so long lived beyond his means that the very fabric of his fortune and estates was threatened. He sought his more prudent friends, who recommended a shrewd accountant who should examine his grace's mode of living and suggest retrenchments. For a fortnight this economist lived at the ducal palace pursuing his researches, and came finally before his grace with a list of twenty "obvious" cuts. One by one his grace found good reason for rejecting each proposal in turn, and the economist mournfully stated No. 20. "Your Grace is a bachelor. I find that in addition to five in the kitchen there are four still-room maids. Now, surely. . . ." The duke emphatically silenced him. "But demme! sir," he said, "a feller must have a biscuit." I have of late likened each political party to this noble duke, and the general public to the economist. But when the Government first turned down the Schneider Trophy subvention on the score of urgent need for economy I felt a gleam of hope. Labour, I said, is at last waking up to the glaring truth. Obviously if any Government starts in to economize on a grand scale, every single "cut" proposed will evoke a scream of fury. For every fellow wants his own particular biscuit. There are a score of good reasons why we should keep the Schneider Trophy but not one of them is as strong as the need for economy. That is why I regret that the Government has in this particular case dropped the economy argument and unearthed a principle of some sort.

Pavlova.—I remember with peculiar vividness the day—in the spring of 1910—when privileged London, including myself, first saw Pavlova. A revelation as surprising and welcome and wonderful as when Persephone first emerged from the underworld. Genée we had known and loved; Maud Allen and Isadora Duncan had recently broken new ground in a somewhat different field of art, the classic pose. And then came Pavlova (and Mordkin, the Douglas Fairbanks of Ballet), and it was like the sudden introduction to Shakespeare's sonnets of spring of one who had been brought up on Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Next London season (1911) we were all Russian Ballet-mad. It was Diaghilev's London triumph with Pavlova, Nijinsky, and a cloud of stars. *Sulphide* and the *Spectre of the Rose*—one went and went again to each programme. And Pavlova came and came again, becoming a peculiarly British institution, and she is enshrined in our hearts as the dying swan, as the embodiment of the spirit of the waltz, as the golden butterfly with the sunshine of one summer's day on her wings. She was younger than I, and even now (convalescent from 'flu) I don't feel more than slightly middle-aged:

"Rose, elle a vécu, ce que vivent les Roses,
L'èspace d'un matin."

Jenny Lind, Martyr.—The latest victim whose reputation has been butchered to make a theme for Hollywood is Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale who bewitched our grandfathers. She is showing at the *Empire*, and, truth to say, the worst feature of a very decent film is the title. As soon call it Cleopatra, or Pepita, or Mariette. But I suppose a real-life character is a commercial draw. It matters not that her children are alive; you travesty the true facts of your victim's life story, twist her character to suit your ends, and draw your profits. Disraeli and Byron were obvious victims; I should have expected Jenny Lind to escape. She was such a pattern, so unlikely to inspire or to be mixed up in brawls. She was a friend of my grandmother's, and I treasure one or two of her letters. When she lived at Wimbledon she was not seldom my grandmother's guest in the rambling old house across the Common. Jenny Lind—Mrs. Goldschmidt—lived I think at Oakwood and died in '87. How cheap, how vulgar, how tenth rate, is all this shrewd and snobbish body snatching, in which decency and truth are of no account. Every nation should have the right to protect its nationals, alive and dead, from film travesty.

A Respite.—The Round Table Conference "stands suspended" while opinion in India is canvassed regarding the business done. What has been done? It is hard enough to gather this in the tangle of safeguarding clauses and meticulously chosen sentences and phrases which set forth its progress. The Simon Report has played its big part. The ground plan of a great new constitution for India has been chalked out. There is "Provincial Autonomy," an accepted, more or less uncontroversial, fact in the structure to be. Next, going right beyond the Simon Report, is Federation for all India, not as an ideal in the distant future but as a solid wing of the structure. And lastly, Responsibility at the Centre, following naturally on the putting into place of item 2 in our structure, yet least concrete of the three by reason of the innumerable and still unconsidered safeguards which must hedge it around. It is wonderful to me that the Conference has done so much, has so harmoniously dissolved. To criticize its "business done" would strike a half-wit as the height of folly. I can only ask, like the immortal Gabriel Betteridge in *The Moonstone*, "When are we likely to hear of the Indians again?"

This Year's Brand.—With the bitter experience of a recent sufferer I refer to this year's brand of 'flu. It may not be the worst or more virulent type, it does not run to temperature records nor flutter the heart of the Registrar-General. But it is amazingly persistent, a hanger-on, a sticker, like the last guest at a long and tiring wedding. And it leaves you weak on your legs, and the victim of a pessimism that is deaf alike to logic and to comfort. I have been doddering between my bed and the fire-place for a week, convinced that all those innumerable calamities that lurk in wait for mortal men were holding a mass-meeting in the passage outside my bedroom, and would any moment burst in and tip me "the black spot." It is to Mr. Francis Brett-Young that I owe salvation. May his novels grow even longer. *Jim Redlake* was designed by providence for the victim of 'flu. It is long and strong and comforting and placid. It carries your interest along without ever exciting unruly passions. It continually announces its slogan, "Let the good prevail." It is in the great Victorian tradition by a master of prose who is the complete master of his particular sphere of art and does not make irritating mistakes. I raise my medicine glass to Mr. Brett-Young. As for Frau Vicki Baum, who took Mr. Young's place, I had to ask her to wait. I found the hot air of the Grand Hotel—especially in the bedrooms—unsuitable for fever, and fell back on *Ravenshoe*.

Anglers Awake.—In the black depression of spirit which the paraphernalia of the sick bed always induce, one enchanting piece of news cheered like a shaft of sunlight in a dim cathedral. The salmon fishing season has opened. Scotland is an Empire on which the sporting sun never sets. In the past few days you might have observed any evening at King's Cross or Euston one or two gaunt, tough, grey, wise-looking men, wearing tweed hats and well-worn grey overcoats making for their berths in the Scots Mail, and personally supervizing the stowing away of rod-cases, bags, and tackle. They are off to the Helmsdale and the Brora and the Thurso, and let let me add that Sutherland and Caithness are no beds of roses in February and these no drawing-room sportsmen. Even on Tay and Tweed you may often reel in a crackling line, tinkling ice. Some of the plums at this season fall to Southrons, on Wye or Stour or Avon. I still feel keenly my astonishment when told by my loader at a shoot in Hampshire this autumn, that on some free fishing on the Avon, near his village, he started off last season with a couple of forty-pounders! But statistics and sport are different things, and the salmon you gaff which has swallowed a prawn is not in the same class with the fish that has taken your fly, monster or no.

Risking the Lot.—It does seem just a little imprudent that all our electric eggs should be in one basket at Lot's Road. At 6.45 p.m. on Thursday last two dynamo-units earthed and immediately six Underground and two tramway services completely broke down and 100,000 people were "trapped" for half-an-hour in complete darkness, on stairs, in lift shafts, in the centre of tube sections, in crowded motionless trains. Crowds are ticklish things; panic goes through them like wild-fire. A criminal or a weakling crying "Fire" or "I can't breathe" and you might easily enough have had a horrid tragedy. How proud we may well be of British temperament. There was not one single casualty. Could any other country match that record? Every single person, official, policeman, passenger, knew his job and did it cheerfully. Of that 100,000, how many I wonder have had a lifelong sickener of the tube. Fifty, perhaps. Still, I regret all those eggs in that one little basket. There are desperate fellows about.

January 30.—This is a great day in the year for an astonishing number of romantic persons, who are by no means all of them "maiden ladies of both sexes residing in Edinburgh or Bath." A well-known editor the other day expressed to me his intense surprise on discovering (on looking into "The Stuart Calendar, 1931") how active and how numerous the Stuart societies still are. It doesn't surprise me. I always visit our only decent equestrian statue on January 30 and read the labels on the wreaths in Trafalgar Square at the grave risk of life and limb. There was not much to be said for being a Stuart fan while the Stuarts were alive, for they had no ability for winning anything but hearts; but now that they are all dead or diluted, there is much to be said for royalism or Stuartism. For they possessed in unequalled measure the power of collecting round their names and keeping alive romance, and in this drab age romance that is fadeless is a commercial dye of priceless value. Let us drain our dismal glasses of very small and sour beer to the immortal memories of Marie Stuart, of Charles (1st, 2nd and 3rd), of James (1st, 2nd and 3rd), of Flora and of Miss Walkinshaw, and lastly of the Sobieski Stuarts who wrote their lays on the banks of the Beauly.

United Russian Dinner.—After the treaty of Brest-Litovsk a large number of British officers took part in detached campaigns and obscure operations in Russia. Where they went, what they saw and heard, and more particularly what they achieved in those operations, are still more or less whispered tales. It doesn't do for authority to listen to them openly. That is why I should like to attend a dinner to be held at the Savoy on February 11 next at which participators in all those different campaigns are eligible and welcome. There is a distinguished committee at work collecting names and addresses of eligibles for this rather unique dinner, but the task is no easy one, and all who want to go, being entitled, should write at once to "Hon. Secretary (United Russian Dinner), 33, Southampton Street, Strand." On that night, February 11, unless I am misinformed, those who have good ears will hear much that will interest and surprise them.

New Peers and their Titles.—I am always sympathetic concerning the difficulties which invest the choice of titles by newly-made peers. Fifty per cent. of them nowadays don't want peerages, 80 per cent. would prefer to keep their own surnames, and 100 per cent. wish to avoid ridicule or criticism in their choice, e.g., of an extinct title with some historic or romantic association. Sometimes the surname simply won't do, e.g., you couldn't presume to call yourself "Lord Godley"; sometimes it was already taken up; now and again the surname may be just a little too commonplace or short to support the handle. And then you must find some territorial link with your career where no broad acres suggest a name. Sir E. Lamb's choice seems to have fallen on Rochester, which he represented in Parliament. And why not? Rochester as a title has romantic associations into which the introduction of some shrewd sense, energy, and sanity will bring welcome fresh air. But having regard to the surname, why don't Sir Ernest choose Melbourne?

Youth and the Open Road.—How we have changed in national character in the past fifty years! Arrogant, self-satisfied, self-sufficient, those epithets were hurled at us by Europe. We let no foreigner dictate to us our fashions or influence our customs. German toys and Paris models were the only trifles that ever got through the barrage of British pride. And now? We are slavish followers of America in all that concerns culture and the manner of thought and re-creations of Society. What an admission! Nay, if America chose to travesty one of our national saints into a vamp for a new film we should never question her taste. But, stranger still, here is the great middle class shamelessly borrowing from Germany! The hostel movement in Germany has been an unqualified success. It was just what German youth needed. And now poor, diffident, humble England craves leave (vide Youth Hostels Association Meeting report of January 21) to teutonize as a start the Pilgrims' Way, such a proudly English pathway even in Kipling's heyday, with a chain of hostels—I spare you the German word—where Phyllis and Strephon from the smoky town will lodge at night, properly supervised, at a nominal charge of 1s. a head. Then off next morning in shorts and Tyrolese hat to the next organized hostel along the Pilgrims' Way.

THE OLD STAGER.

A LOSS TO THE LEGAL WORLD: Sir William Bull, who died immediately after making a witty speech at a public dinner at Frome, seen above with his eldest son now Sir Stephen Bull. Sir William comes of an old legal family, his father and his grandfather before him having been solicitors. He himself wss senior partner in the firm of Bull and Bull. Admitted in 1889, Sir William went into Parliament eleven years later, representing Hammersmith in the Conservative interest in 1900 and Hammersmith South for 1918-29. He held the Chairmanship of the London Unionist M.P.'s from 1910-29, the Principal of the Imperial Society of Knights, Maltravers Herald Extraordinary, and held positions on the boards of the Royal Humane Society and other institutions. He is here seen with his son Stephen who succeeds to the title

IMMORTELLES

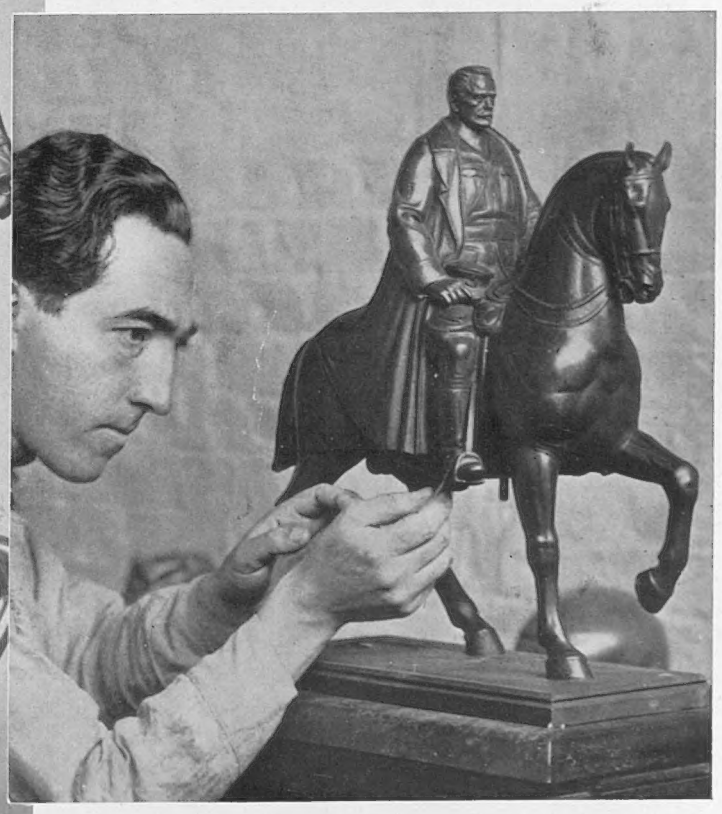
Pavlova's Death
Field-Marshal Haig's Statue

With the death of Anna Pavlova, the Russian Ballet has lost one of the most (if not the most) remarkable personalities and artistes it has ever produced. Of outstanding technical ability and overwhelming personal charm, Mme Pavlova took London by storm before the War, when she appeared with M. Mordkin. She enjoyed a world-wide reputation, for she danced her way into the hearts of all who beheld her in many lands. She was married secretly for seventeen years to M. Dandré, her accompanist. Her last action before her death was the execution of a few steps from her most famous dance, "The Dying Swan," although her interpretation of "Oiseau de Feu" was, perhaps, her Terpsichorean masterpiece

"THE DYING SWAN": Anna Pavlova, most temperamental and entrancing of ballerinas, in one of her unforgettable attitudes

THE INIMITABLE: Anna Pavlova, who died of pleurisy a few days ago at the age of forty-five. She was one of the few ballerinas to enthrall by her figure as by her technique

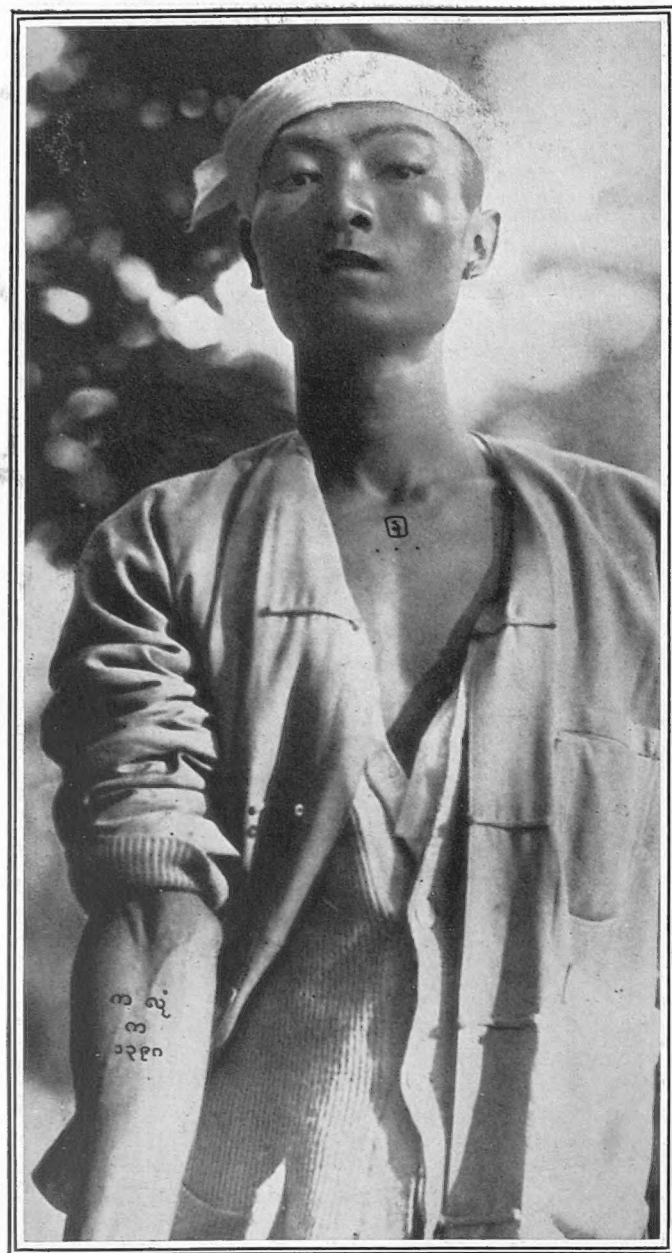
STILL A BONE OF CONTENTION: The second model of the Haig statue, which has been passed by the Office of Works. The first statue aroused severe criticism, in which Lady Haig proved herself one of the sternest antagonists



THE FIRST MODEL: Mr. A. F. Hardiman with the rejected model of the Haig statue. While many critics admired the moulding of the features of the late Field-Marshal, the treatment of the horse aroused a storm of controversy. Lady Haig was one of the bitterest opponents to the proposed statue. The amended treatment is more satisfactory but has by no means met with universal approval

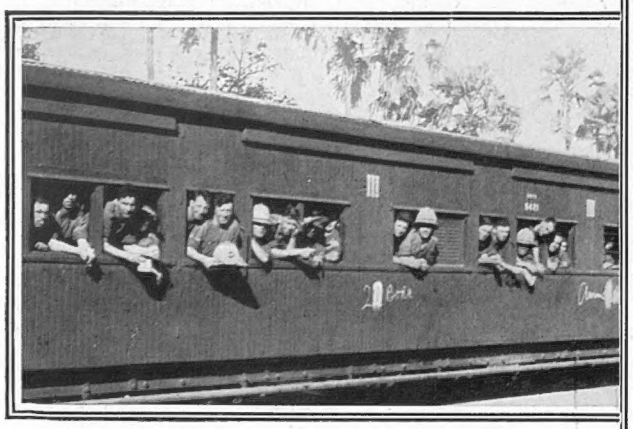
JUNGLE FIGHTING *in* BURMA

Pictures of the Recent Tharrawaddy Rising



SCARS OF HONOUR: Maung Ba, Lugale of the late Mr. Fields-Clarke, the murdered Forest Engineer, was captured by the rebels and escaped after being tattooed on chest and arm and forced to join the rebel band

PRISONERS OF WAR: Rebels being taken from the lock-up to the prison by motor-lorry. It was reported that Saya San, the rebel leader, had been captured, but the report proved unfounded



RELIEF: The Buffs leave Tharrawaddy after being relieved by the 3/20 Burma Rifles

THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS: Major Hart of the Buffs, acting Brigade-Major, scouting, with a platoon of the 3/20 Burma Rifles, between Tharrawaddy and Hlelangu. Members of this regiment, after scaling an "impregnable" hill with stealth, captured the rebel leader's palace and took "King Golden Crow" by surprise

CAMOUFLAGE IN EXCELSIS: A sentry of the 3/20 Burma Rifles in the jungle near Hlelangu, the terrain reduced manœuvring to a matter of guerilla warfare

The Tharrawaddy rising in the jungle-country of Burma has been, to all intents and purposes, quelled. The capture of the "palace" where the rebels had their G.H.Q. struck one blow at their organization, and an even greater cause of their disheartening was the failure of the priestly charms, issued under the promise that they would ward off rifle bullets, to substantiate the claims made for them. Guerilla warfare is still sporadically in progress, but "mopping-up" is practically the order of the day.

CORN *dethrones* WHEAT

A poignant drama of the CHICAGO PIT

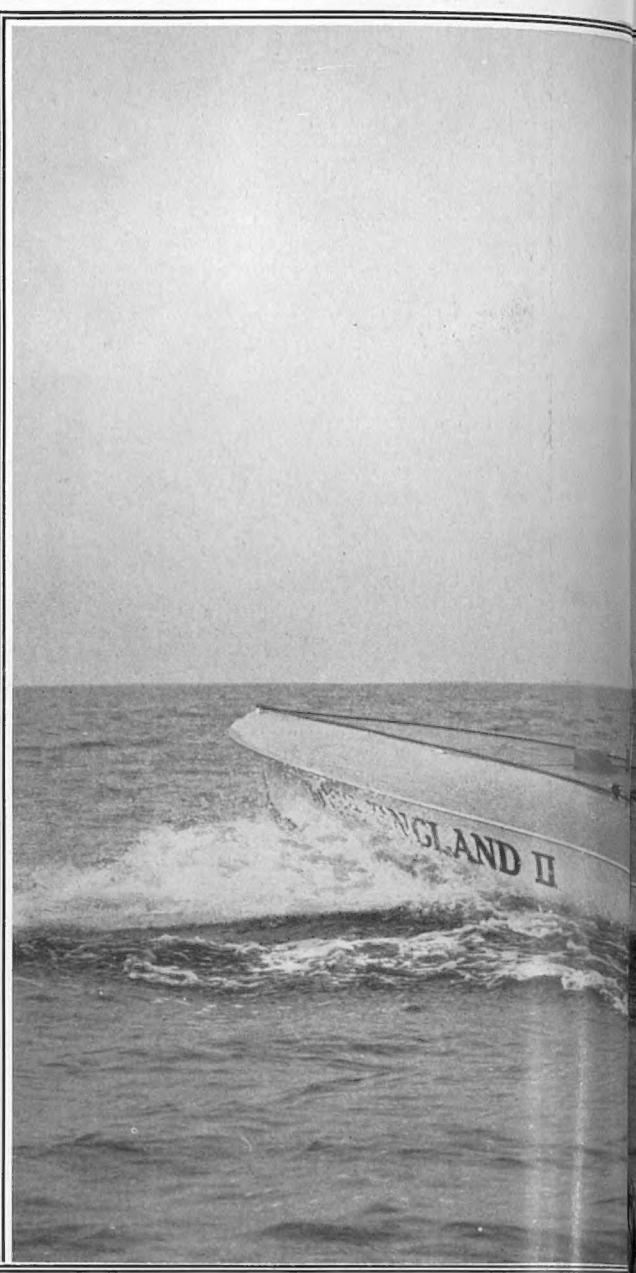
The climax of an 82-year struggle between the two great grain Interests

A new cereal "king" was crowned in the Chicago grain pit of the Chicago Board of Trade recently. After eighty-two years, corn has been formally recognized as the grain leader, displacing wheat owing to larger dealings in maize since the Government's sponsored agencies have upheld a minimum price for 1930 crop wheat options. The shift in the Chicago market leadership is almost akin to a change from the gold to silver standard. The latest news from the produce markets indicates that while wheat is fluctuating, maize is steady; oats are dropping; rye rising; and barley nominal. The visible supply of wheat in the United States is 94,000 bushels smaller on the week at 213,539,000 bushels, which compares with 200,082,000 bushels last year; that of maize is 278,000 bushels larger at 16,636,000 bushels, against 14,132,000 bushels, and that of oats is 1,466,000 bushels smaller on the week at 25,602,000 bushels compared with 25,899,000 bushels a year ago. Above is seen a view of corn-brokers trading for the first time in eighty-two years in the largest pit in the Chicago Board of Trade formerly occupied by wheat traders

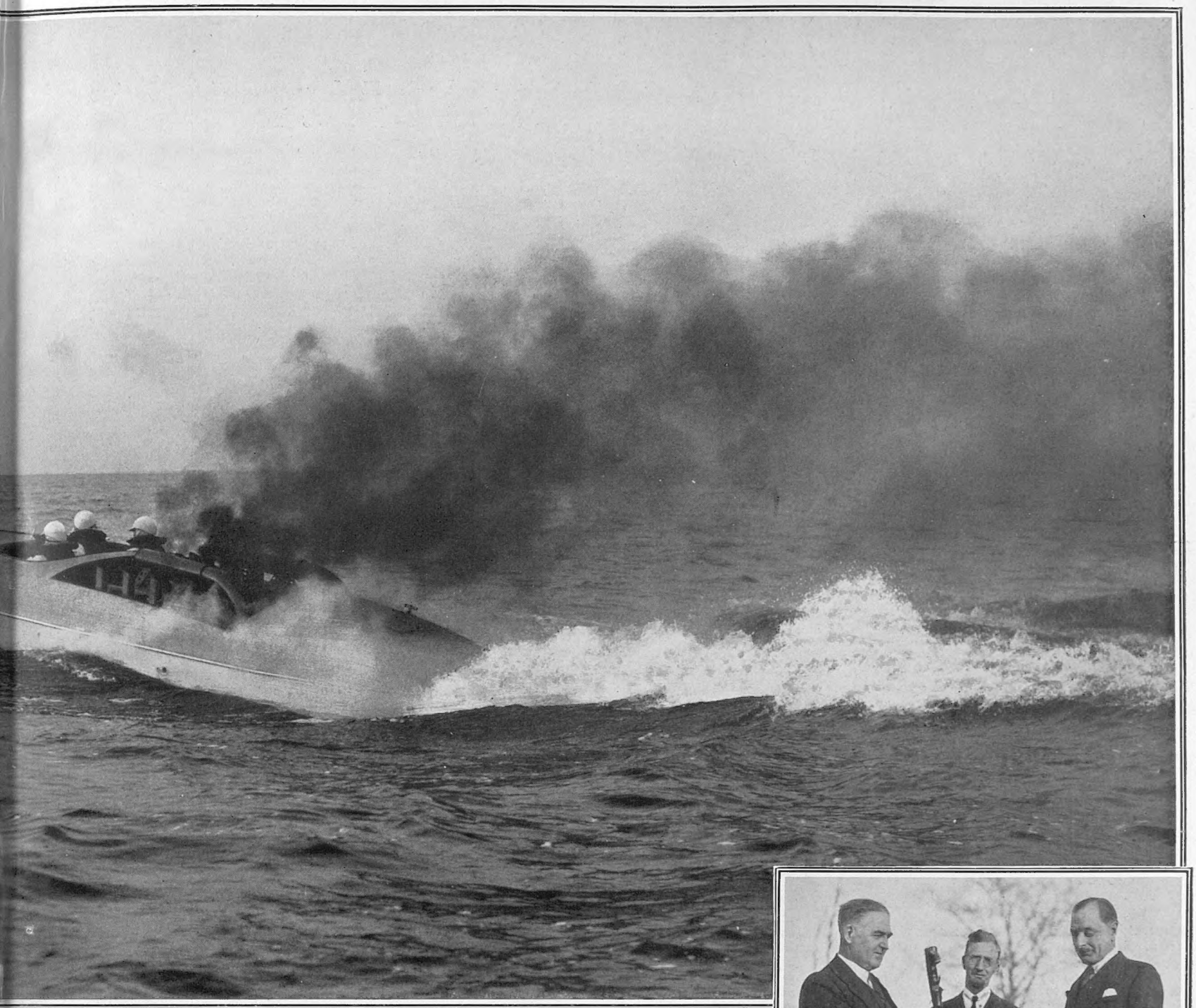
107-m.p.h. ON WATER

Mr. Kaye Don Beats the late Sir Henry Segrave's Record

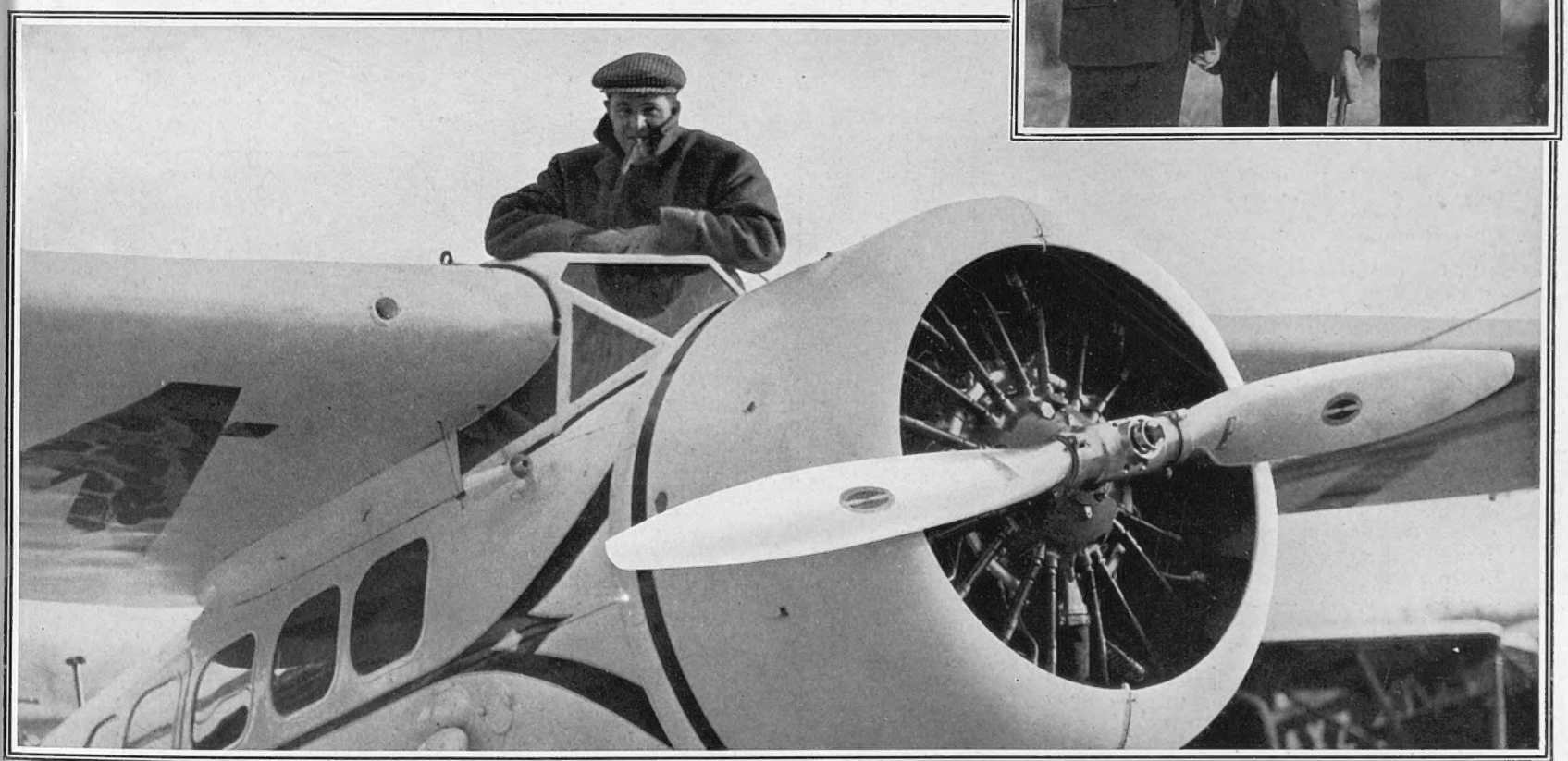
A WHITE TRIUMVIRATE OF SPEED: Mr. Kaye Don (centre) with Mr. Michael J. Willcocks, the chief engineer, and Mr. R. Garner, the Rolls-Royce tester



THE FIRST TRIAL: "Miss England II" on test on Lough Neagh. The boat has been entirely re-conditioned after its crash, and is now a much wider craft. Mr. Kaye Don estimates the speeds attained by his revolution counter, and this versatile pilot, who has turned with the same facility as Sir Henry Segrave from motor racing to motor-boat racing, has expressed himself delighted with the boat's performance. The official trials may be held in Buenos Aires in the presence of the Prince of Wales



107 M.P.H. : Mr. Kaye Don drives "Miss England II" at 9 m.p.h. faster than the speed the late Sir Henry Segrave attained when he so tragically crashed last summer. Lough Neagh in Ulster was kinder to the boat than Lake Windermere



A ROUND TRIP TO THE CAPE : Commander Glen Kidston with the 'plane in which he will essay a flight to Cape Town and back. The intrepid pilot has a reputation for a feline number of lives ; he has escaped from more accidents, scathed or unscathed, than most other people. *Inset above* is a picture of Mr. Kaye Don being presented after the highly successful trials of "Miss England II" with a shillelagh by Mr. Sam Fawcett on behalf of the workmen who built the launching slip

EDUCATING INDIA :

190,000 Primary Schools Endeavour with Native Aid to Instruct India's Youth

By Lieut.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MACMUNN

Among the many attempts to give public opinion a wrong direction, to make kindly folk think things are mismanaged by the British in India, that emanate from certain quarters, has been a belittling of the Educational system. I have called it the "British" system because it is British influence directing local talent alone that has gradually evolved a definite system with a definite aim, but there is no branch of development in India in which Indians have taken a greater share or have brought their energies to the fruition. There has recently appeared in some irresponsible circles a statement that there are only 40,000 primary schools in India, and that expenditure on education is "hampered by taxation," whatever that may mean.

The whole question of education in India is most extraordinarily complex, comprising so many languages in daily business use, so many conflicting languages and divergent views (as elsewhere) on the object for which education is required. But for the moment a few hard facts will give the lie to any suggestion of negligence in a problem, which has naturally to come after peace, irrigation to make famine impossible, roads and railways, all daughters of the horse-leach, so far as expenditure of revenue is concerned.

That there is an immense programme to be developed is an equal truth and one to absorb energies, drive, and wisdom for generations to come. But we are apt in all our generalizations to forget the vast size of the country, its recent emergence into the whirl of modern progress, and the fact that we have been dealing with a continent and a population as large as Europe without Russia. The Simon Commission, Part II, deals with the future of Education in India, and points out the main conditions requiring attention and development, but the authoritative study is the "Subsidiary Commission" on the subject presided over by Sir Philip Hartogg. From this independent report made specially for the Simon Commission the following figures are taken. They are for 1927. There were then in existence in British India alone 185,998 primary schools of which 162,666 were for boys and 23,332 for girls. This was in British India alone, which comprises but three-fifths of the area. Of this total all except 12,000 are Government or State aided in some form. Those that are unaided are largely in Burma and are there the schools in the temple areas and *Phoongyi Choungs*, and special religious schools elsewhere.

Education is at present voluntary and there are innumerable difficulties in the way of a compulsory system. The schools, which take many different forms to suit local conditions, which latter vary to an incredible extent, are controlled by the provincial governments. As an instance, in British India alone there are 364,000 villages of under 500 souls, and 136,000 towns and villages with a larger population. The villagers are not too eager to send their children to school, or at best withdraw them very early.

Nearly every villager is a small-holder and squatter, even if a labourer for a bigger man. The country is unfenced and stock sheep or more largely goats, and cattle, must be kept off the crops, and for this children are an essential factor. With a country so vast, pains and penalties for non-attendance would not only be impossible, but an attempt to attain their imposition might easily provoke intense hostility.

The recent Agricultural Commission, presided over by Lord Linlithgow, had a great deal to say about agricultural education, the necessity for teaching what was useful to peasantry, who could be nothing but peasants all their lives, and pointed out that in India where the difference between classes and avocation is so marked, the village teachers must be drawn from those acquainted with village life and its requirements. We hear the same in British rural districts where the value of curriculum and the inefficacy of town bred teachers is often criticized. In India such points are from the very essence of things multiplied and intensified a thousand-fold. Relapse into illiteracy of children who have attained some knowledge is, of course, for the same reason, unavoidable, though deplorable.

In any case those whose hopes in life depend more on the sun shining and the rain raining in due season, not unreasonably look to their daily life to give them interests rather than any outside pursuits and the cult of the educated. The desire for more education may come when the new cult of village uplift, which is certainly growing, widens simple and contented minds. Up to now a wise government has avoided the bringing of "divine" discontent to those to whom discontent can bring no hope of any great change. The life in those 364,000 small villages is by no means unhappy, but it is far removed from anything we of the West can understand unless we have lived in some of the wilder parts of Ireland or the Highlands of Scotland.

There are few roads that bring much traffic; there is none of the come and go, save of the passing trains for the few. Life is centred on the crops, on the village festivals of the Hindu régime which largely denote the seasons, weddings on which much is spent, life and death, births and funerals; the image of Mahadeo on the tree shrines, the

"Organs of birth and the circles of bones
The loose loves carved on the temple stones"

is the sum of their excitements. But come rain, then all is well, and the marriage feasts are many. These are no places to foist any theory-made scheme of education, unless it is strictly tuned to agricultural progress and advantage. The theory of the rostrum that the villager of India shall be trained to realize his responsibility as a voter, will raise a smile in the faces of those who know. Yet the right sort of education, given in the right way by the right people is, no doubt, what the Governments of India are aiming at. They have particularly to face, however, the attempts from Moscow to get hold of the Indian teacher, who is often in the susceptible stratum, and make each village a Communist cell. It is a danger that even here in England needs close watching, and in India might lead to misery untold.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS

Western education is another matter. There are, of course, many secondary schools where the children of the intelligentsia, who wish to learn English, either as part of their education or as a means and opening to a career, may do so. They are of many kinds, and perhaps the most important and the ones that need most development are the "Middle Vernacular Schools," the source from which the bulk of the primary school teachers must be drawn. There are several thousand of these whose standard is by no means level. The Hartogg Reports say that if the teaching is bad in the primary schools it is because the middle schools from which the teachers come are bad, and these are bad because the primary schools are bad . . . a vicious circle, for the ending of which, where existing, they make definite proposals.

The number of English and Anglo-vernacular secondary schools is the mass of whose students are on their way to the universities, mainly with some form of Government service as their goal. That young Indians should have to learn English is as natural as when in days gone by young Englishmen had to learn Latin for something more useful than culture and mental gymnastics. Before English came into use the young Indian had to learn Persian, the official language in Mogul days. Some of the schools are vernacular English, viz. those in which the instruction is imparted in the vernacular whatever it may be, exactly as Latin in modern times is taught in English.

All the secondary schools, which run to several thousands, have of late years greatly improved as "character training" institutions where physical fitness, games, and discipline are inculcated. Nevertheless it is this want of character training which is the real stumbling-block to the advancement in self-reliance of the intelligentsia classes. There are few boarding schools for young Indians, most there are being run by some earnest missionary body, whose services in this respect are much sought after. A Public School Association has been formed by Mr. Dass, which may make progress among the well-to-do classes. At present the Military College at Dehra Dun which trains boys for Sandhurst, and the King George's Schools for the sons of Indian officers, stand out as the model to be followed in this respect.

The schools suffer from the fact that Indian business and industry does not want these collegiate boys in large numbers, nor are there yet great professions as in European countries, which need students with matriculation certificates. The great Indian banker, controlling millions, may work in an underground cellar with a few iron-bound boxes and a few vernacular clerks who sit on the floor writing with reed pens in some semi-secret script that is used by his profession almost alone. The same applies to university graduates. Nevertheless as a whole the secondary schools, so far as English is concerned, are satisfactory, though no doubt capable of steady advancement.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF INDIA

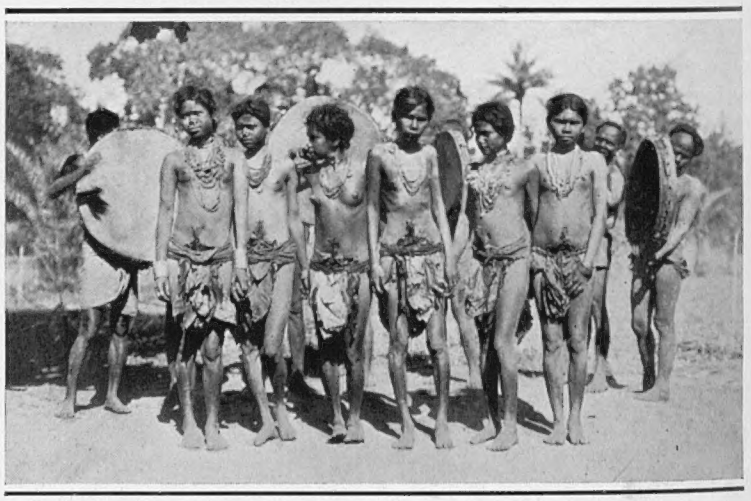
When we turn to the universities we come to a very different story, one full of success, renown, and perplexities. The whole gamut of modern education has arisen in three-quarters of a century and the desire to build superstructures of dazzling appearance on a foundation which wants the centuries of undergrowth is bound to produce strange problems and some difficulties.

In accordance with a dispatch from Sir Charles Wood, the President of the Board of Control, written in 1854, the first universities in India were inaugurated in that year of ill-omen, 1857, in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, themselves happily outside the areas of disturbance. In 1882 Lahore was added to the number; in 1887, Allahabad; in 1916 a Hindu university at Benares; in 1917, Patna; in 1920 the famous Muslim college at Aligarh became the centre of a Muslim university, while Rangoon and Lucknow were added. Since then the number has steadily increased by Delhi, Dacca, Nagpur, Andra Agra, and Chindambaram in Madras.

The Indian universities differ naturally in structure and in fame. Some are unitary, some are affiliated, and because distances are so great, and colleges existed long before universities as such were founded, the latter is the more usual. Where the teaching, administration, and discipline are good the unitary has been found of late years to give the best results. Most of the universities have special chairs of medicine and science, agriculture, and the like, and in many cases the degrees are held in high renown. The special idiosyncracies and development of each university are in themselves an interesting study of the divergent life of the Indian continent.

Mention has been made of the unemployment of university graduates, and it is one of the most serious causes of Indian unrest at the present day. Numbers of young men leave their university without the least chance of opportunity to use their learning. Even if every appointment under Government could be filled by an Indian it would do little to help the situation. As has been said, there are few requirements in India in business and commercial, or even professional, life for the Bachelor of Arts and Sciences.

Even the nice boys who come to graduate in Great Britain in engineering and science know that they have disappointing prospects outside a Government post. Hence half the trouble in progress. India for the moment is overheaded in higher education, and perhaps, and on this point everyone will not agree, deficient in primary education. It is a big problem, but distinctly one that has only become acute very recently, and it has constantly been before the Imperial and provincial governments.



"THE PEOPLE OF THE LEAVES": It has long been known that in the depths of the Indian forests there are races which are still to be described by the ethnologist. Mr. Vivian Meik (who has spent eighteen years in penetrating to the most out-of-the-way parts of the earth) has been so fortunate as to discover a race of miniature people who live among the dense jungle of Southern Bengal. Clad only in a girdle of leaves, they are the most primitive folk yet known. "I never found out how the Leaf People began," he writes, "but that they are as old as the primeval forest which is their home, is beyond doubt. Some cataclysm of 15,000 or perhaps 20,000 years ago must have left a small community of their ancestors where they are to-day, shutting them off from Life as it passed through the ages." Mr. Meik was able not only to win their confidence, but to photograph them; and his records of their amazing tribal dances are among the most interesting features of a very uncommon book soon to be published under this title

NEW YEAR GIFTS for SHOPPERS IN JAPAN

A Curious Custom which Stimulates Trade in the Flowery Land

The Japanese New Year, which falls on the same day as that of the Christian Calendar, is a great festival, celebrated, with almost Gaelic enthusiasm, religiously, commercially, and socially. The second type of celebration involves a sale, and also takes the form illustrated above. The stores present every purchaser with slips of rolled paper bearing numbers. These are given by a blindfolded assistant. According to the number chosen, the customer receives a present, descriptions of which are placarded above the counter. This picture not only shows this unusual stimulus to trade but also gives an unmistakable indication of the rapid Occidentalizing of the dress of the younger generation—as well as the very young—in Old Nippon

THE SACRED FLOCK OF SRINAGAR: The geese inherited by the Maharaja of Kashmir from his predecessor who idolized them as his dearest pets

Only one State in history has had a flock of sacred geese—Rome, which owed its existence to the cackling of the flock, which aroused the garrison of the citadel in time to repel the barbarian hosts assailing the city. No such exploit stands to the credit of the flock of geese inherited by the Maharaja of Kashmir, Sir Hari Singh, from his predecessor, Sir Protap Singh, but they are held in esteem, not second even to the classic saviours of the Roman State. They are driven by special attendants to and from a tank consecrated in a temple, where only they may swim, and the traffic of Srinagar is held up for them to pass by

The SACRED GEESE of KASHMIR

The Flock, Maintained by the Maharaja, Sir Hari Singh, which he Inherited from his Predecessor, Sir Protap Singh

Pictures by Ewing Galloway

SACRED GEESE IN A SACRED TANK: The famous flock of Kashmir in the Temple Tank

The Triumph of the Trees

THE STRANGLEHOLD of the Forest

The Ruins of Angkor

By H. M. COSTELLO

Cambodia, the little French Protectorate lying between Siam, Annam and Cochin-China, is rapidly becoming world-renowned because of the evidence it contains of the achievements of a vanished civilization. Both the city of Angkor-Thom, and Angkor-Wat, the glorious temple, lie on the right bank of the Siem-Reap, a tributary of Ton-le-Sap, the lake which represents the chief wealth of Cambodia.

Angkor-Thom was built in 889 A.D. by Yarco-Varman, ruler of the Khmers, a befitting capital for his mighty kingdom. It was a rectangular city enclosed by eight miles of stone walls over twenty feet in height in which were five huge gateways.

Undaunted by the fact that all the stone had to be brought a distance of twenty miles, each of his descendants added their quota until, in 1160, Surya-Varman crowned the whole with the prodigal magnificence of the Wat.

Until the end of the fourteenth century the history of Angkor is one of unrivalled splendour, but that of the following years lies buried in the jungle, which had almost obliterated the city and its wealth of exquisite workmanship. The French Government is now endeavouring to wrest from the sculptured walls some history of the people who once thronged its courts. It is difficult to appreciate the extent of this work until, at Angkor-Thom, one sees how destructive has been the embrace of the jungle. Huge buildings have been wrenched from their foundations by invading roots, and towers twisted into strange terribleness by the clasp of throttling vines.

Until recently the difficulties of getting to Angkor were almost insurmountable, but now a motor-car will convey you the 400 miles from Saigon to a comfortable hotel within the shadow of its western walls. This is the generally used route, but as we were travelling from Siam, we went to Kampot, the Cambodian port by a small Dutch steamer, and motored to Phnom-Penh, the capital.

Though Angkor is 145 miles from Phnom-Penh the drive seemed neither long nor wearisome . . .

Knowing that we should shortly get our first glimpse of the temple, we gazed eagerly ahead until, grey against a crimson sky, the jagged towers of Angkor-Wat stood out. Soon the whole vast building spread, in sublime aloofness, desolately beautiful before us. A broad flagged causeway balustraded by carved Nagas—the sacred seven-headed snake of Cambodia—traversed a lily-starred moat, 600 feet wide and three miles in circumference, and over all lay a strange, haunted, brooding silence!

At first the temple seemed a maze of sun-splashed courtyards and stately corridors, but after hours of wandering we realized that it was built in diminishing squares, divided by flagged courtyards, and encircling a lofty obelisk, beneath which is a small chamber approached by four steep flights of stone steps. There are about forty steps in each of these flights—steps so narrow that one must place ones feet sideways to mount them. The chamber has evidently been the High Penetralia (the "Holy of Holies,"), and the least imaginative of mortals must pause to wonder in what guise were presented the gods who have reigned in this exalted setting.

Beside a wide, colonnaded terrace, spreads the fresco which is the consummate glory of the Wat. Deeply cut in grey sandstone, most of it is in perfect preservation, and so skilfully is it fashioned that the figures seem alive. The procession of warriors streams past surrounded by all their panoply of war. We see them in scenes of quiet beauty, bidding farewell to homes and families, then plunged into terrific battles, where gods, men, horses, elephants, demons, and monkeys form pageants of appalling horror. Each figure is perfect in every detail, and in hand-to-hand encounters there is a rare diversity. Some are of the magnificent Court of the Khmer Kings and their prosperous contented people. Infinite patience, infinite artistry, have produced delightful scenes from simple things. The allegorical scenes are daringly realistic: stark horror runs through the depicted tortures inflicted upon souls who have fallen from grace, whilst the blest are revelling in the soft delights of a houri-thronged paradise. Heaven and Hell, legend and history, beauty and unspeakable horror, reel past in a mad, ecstatic whirl.

At night we saw one of the fascinating Cambodian dances, of which the people never tire. It was fitting that the dancers should come out of the temple: they were the figures depicted upon its walls — Tervadas, the earthly prototype of the Apsarasas (the heavenly courtesans and dancers), Asuras (angels), and Devas (demons). These dancers are all trained from babyhood, and their dancing is the perfection of rhythm and expression. The slender, graceful little princess invoking her people to aid in rescuing the goddess Sita, who had been carried off by demons was, as she raised her hands in supplication, quite irresistible.

Dawn was scarcely awake next morning as we started towards the capital, a mile beyond, and the high-flung towers of the Wat were still tipped with coral and gold. The white road wound beneath great spreading trees until we came to the wonderful causeway leading to the Gate of Victory. It was a picture of this causeway which had first interested us in remote Cambodia, but as we looked at those lines of bizarre giants supporting the Nagas who guard the entrance we felt that no picture could give one any understanding of the whimsical attraction of the reality.

The temple of Bayon had, at one time, fifty towers, each bearing one benign head formed of blocks of stone, so skilfully placed that there is an uncanny expressiveness in the faces.

The Terrace of Honour, 1,000 feet long, which runs in front of Phimean Akasi (the King's Palace) is a mass of carving. One wall is arranged so that a procession of elephants seems marching past — great lines of them—returning from a hunt, laden with game, and so cleverly designed in the soft grey stone that one almost wonders at their silence.

THE NAGA: The sacred seven-headed serpent of Cambodia at the entrance of Angkor-Thom

South of the terrace a path leads to the tragic ruins of Baphuon. Here the jungle has been left in undisturbed possession, and great roots have wound relentlessly through and about the exquisitely wrought building, crushing it as one might crush a house of cards.

The Portuguese explorer, Christoval de Jacque, the French missionary, Father Bouillevaux, and poor Monsieur Henri Mouhot, all reported having seen wonderful ruins in the dense Cambodian jungles, but it was not until the French in 1907 began the work of restoration, for which we owe them such a debt of gratitude to-day, that the extent or magnificence of the discovery was appreciated, and one must see the distorted buildings at Angkor-Thom to realize what has been achieved at Angkor-Wat, and the discerning ability that has directed the work.

Perchance some day we shall learn the history of the 200 years that lie between the time when we hear of the Khmer court, beset by numerous foes but still imperially supreme, and the finding of the deserted city by de Jacque. Archæologists bring forth many theories, but the generally accepted one is that the Siamese overran Angkor and destroyed all that was possible, leaving the final havoc to the slow but deadly embrace of the jungle.

Cambodia has now regained the three provinces of Sisophon, Siem-Reap, and Baltambang from Siam, and though there is a king nominated by the mandarins, there is no hereditary royalty, and the country is really governed by the French "Resident Superior."

The inhabitants, though rather reserved, appear clean and intelligent, and bear themselves with attractive independence. They are reputed to be fine hunters and woodsmen.

Animals of all kinds and many rare timbers and gums abound in these latitudes, and immense quantities of fish are obtained from the lakes and rivers. Every village is permeated with the odour of *Nuoc-mam* (a sauce made from fermented fish which is used with most of the native dishes) and of fish spread out to dry. Most of the huts are built upon piles as a protection from the jungle and from the dampness of the soil.

As we approached Phnom-Penh, and a group of girls went past, the sunset streamed upon an exquisite, clean-cut profile, reminding us that here probably, was one of the few remaining descendants of those one-time mighty Khmers, as the Cambodian woman is, usually, more suggestive of efficiency than of romance. Her head is closely cropped, and she wears her *sampot* tightly drawn between her legs, knotted in front, giving it the effect of rather oddly-cut trousers. She is, though, a capable, cheerful person, and her laughing chatter echoes through the dusky, *Nuoc-mam* scented ways by which we returned to Phnom-Penh.

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OIL from COAL

A Way Out Found by Science from Many Difficulties in which the State of the Coal Mines has Plunged Britain

By LANCELOT LAWTON

One problem is always with us, and it would seem, is destined never to be solved—the problem of coal. For many years the mining industry has bordered on precariousness; rarely a few months pass without the newspapers telling of its undergoing a crisis.

The causes are the same as they were years ago, the same as when the General Strike, which was provoked by coal complications, occurred in 1926. The cost of production is too high; hence markets abroad are constricted.

In the present age competition is more than severe, it is murderous. Other nations sell coals at uneconomic cost. They can afford to do this more than we can, for with us coal is the basis of everything. In the nineteenth century it made England the most prosperous nation in the world; but unless it is put right it will cause her to become one of the most backward nations in the world. Coal always was and always will remain her basic industry.

What then is wrong with British coal? How is it that the cost of production cannot be brought down? Wages are a big item in this cost. But nibbling at them only causes discontent and dislocation. Everyone wishes the miner to be decently paid. His job is not light. Many other categories of workers have a far easier time and considerably more pay.

Must it therefore be concluded that the problem of coal is insoluble? Successive governments, down to the Labour government, which was largely elected by the votes of the miners, have shirked it. It was not that they neglected to do anything. But what they did was superficial, and merely resulted in matters becoming worse. The true causes of the industry's depression were left untouched and not even understood.

Such causes were fundamental. In her distribution of coal nature richly endowed England, but did not overlook other countries. The resources of America exceed by twenty times those of England. American coal is near the surface, far from the sea. British coal is deeper down and near to the sea.

Unfortunately it is a fact that much of the British coal in thicker seams at moderate depths has become exhausted. It is also more than probable that the number of men engaged between coal-face and shaft is disproportionate to the number engaged at the coal face; in other words the British mining industry resembles an army placed at a disadvantage because of the lengthy character of its lines of communication. It is struggling against those physical disabilities which are inseparable from old age.

It is not that the reserves of coal are too rapidly running down. They are sufficient for the needs of five, or even more, centuries. But the crux of the question is not the quantity remaining, but the cost of the quantity mined. Of what avail are reserves if they cannot be mined more cheaply, or at least as cheaply, as coal is mined by our rivals? Of what avail also, it may be asked, is it to mine coal at all, if physical difficulties render the operation too expensive?

The answer is that such difficulties can be counteracted. If it is not sufficiently profitable to sell coal raw, then prepare it in powdered or other forms that will command a higher price than the original substance, or extract from it products of higher value than this substance. Other nations with less need than ourselves are resorting more and more to these practices. Hence coal will have a future as great as its past, though not so much as fuel for extinction in flame, but as crude material for the making of an increased variety of products. It would be tragic indeed if England, whose well-being was built upon coal, should have but little share in this future.

Of new developments I have only space to speak of one; the transformation of coal into oil, an achievement which ought to be of great concern to this country. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the large use now made of oil. The unending traffic on the roads, the gaudy-coloured filling station in each village bear witness to the enormous consumption of petrol. Yet it is untrue to say that the present is an age of oil. Oil is replacing coal to an appreciable extent. By so doing it is slowing down the growth of the world-production of the competing commodity, but it is not arresting this growth. That is a circumstance to be borne well in mind when reflecting upon the difficulties of the British coal industry.

The damage done by oil arises from its being exclusively of foreign origin. Oil imports run into many millions; if these millions were dispersed at home we should be much better off. Every time a motorist uses his car he consumes petrol brought from the remote regions of the earth. The British Empire produces only 1·7 per cent. of the world's oil output, and depends upon external sources for fully three-quarters of its petroleum products.

There is another and a most important aspect of the matter. Oil is the fuel of the navy, and to a large extent of the mercantile marine. Of recent years the army has been entirely mechanized. Oil is therefore now the fuel of our land forces. A nation without oil is defenceless; oil is power and protection.

The chief source of supply for the navy is the oil-field of Southern Persia, in which the British Government has a controlling interest. The next-door neighbour of Persia is Bolshevik Russia. In his recently published memoirs, Agabekov, the notorious ex-agent of the G.P.U. in the Middle East, said that, having in view the great British oil undertaking in Southern Persia, he devoted special attention to the placing of secret representatives in this region. He also revealed that the Bolsheviks feared that one day British aeroplanes, operating from Baghdad, might damage the Baku oilfields.

No one who was of adult age during the last war cares to speak of another war. Yet it would be foolish to imagine that another war is impossible. The Bolsheviks do not conceal that the Five-Year Plan is primarily a plan of preparation of industry for war. Nor do they hesitate to say that in any war in which they might become engaged, the oil-fields of the East would play a great rôle. Apart from the considerations urged, it must be remembered that pipe lines covering hundreds of miles of land and tankers crossing thousands of miles of sea are particularly vulnerable.

Military as well as economic reasons, therefore, dictate that Great Britain should have a home supply of oil. Here the question arises; is the liquefaction of coal possible and practicable? In Germany, coal, and alternatively the low-temperature tar derived from coal, have been converted into oil on a great scale. In no circumstances will Germany ever again be short of oil or cut off from oil supplies. In this country by means of a large scale plant various kinds of British coal have also been liquefied. Simply stated, the process consists in the addition of hydrogen to coal under high pressure. As a consequence the same ratio between hydrogen and carbon as exists in oil is established, and thus the coal is transformed into oil.

Recently a letter was published in *The Times*, signed by Dr. Herbert Levinstein, in which the following passage occurred:—

"Coal can be turned into liquid fuel, both light and heavy, by treatment with hydrogen. This process, called the Bergius process, though of foreign origin, has received a great deal of attention in this country, and admirable work has been accomplished and a good deal of money spent in adapting it to our own coals. No raw material is required for this process except our own coal, for hydrogen itself is produced from steam and coal, nor any labour save that of our own miners and workers. Could any industry be more desirable? Of how many of our national industries can it be said that all the raw materials and all the labour can be found within this island?

"The present fourpenny duty on petroleum is enough, or nearly enough, to cover the difference in cost between motor spirit so produced at home and motor spirit imported from abroad. Why cannot we decide literally to liquefy a portion of one of our main national assets? Great plants would be required, the construction and erection of which would employ much British labour."

Dr. Levinstein is a Past-President of the Society of Chemical Industry, and was recently awarded the Society's medal, a not common distinction.

I will not discuss here the various technical considerations that arise: how, for example, hydrogenation and carbonization are inter-related. The fact of consequence is that liquefaction of British coal is possible. Of that there can be no doubt. To enable the process to be profitably worked it might be necessary that the existing duty on imported oil should be raised. In that event, motorists would complain. And probably, although of this I am not certain, there would be less motoring for pleasure. But that would be a small sacrifice for the gain possible in other ways. At present motorists rejoice in comparatively cheap petrol, but petrol, however low in price, would not be cheap were money to become very scarce, a contingency not inconceivable should the coal industry remain depressed.

It is only necessary to imagine what would follow upon a guarantee of a continuance of the duty on petrol, to come to the conclusion that such a measure would be well justified. Large plants would be required, a circumstance that would benefit the steel and other industries. Gradually areas of British coal-fields would be transformed into oil-fields, pipe lines radiating in all directions. A measure of prosperity would be restored to the mining industry. The army, navy and mercantile marine would be assured of a home supply of oil. British motorists would drive their cars on British petrol. The village petrol stations would be filled with a British product. Lastly, a big item would come off imports, and an enormous contribution would thus be made to national welfare.

In order to bring this vision to realization, the government is not asked to initiate a duty, but merely to guarantee the prolongation of an existing one. Should this request conflict with the conscience of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, then there is nothing to do but wait for a new government. Day after day politicians declare that the nation is passing through a serious crisis and that bold action is imperative. Usually the men who say this are alone in a position to act boldly. Yet no sooner do they propound their schemes than it becomes evident that they are wholly destitute of first-quality ideas.

In the liquefaction of coal, science has offered to the present generation a discovery that would go a long way towards solving its difficulties. But as yet scientists have little influence in politics and politicians have little understanding of science. Thus, while the first creates boldly, the second merely talks of the need for boldness without knowing what they mean by the word.

A GREAT OIL CENTRE OF THE WORLD: The refinery at Abadan of the great Anglo-Persian Oil Company, an organization jeopardized by the proximity of Soviet Russia

A QUEEN *of the* NIGHT

The Rare South African Cactus which Blooms Only at Night and Then Only Once a Year

Swoboda, Durban

STALK AND BLOSSOM: The cactus "Queen of the Night" and a close-up view of two of its exquisite blooms

IN DAY-TIME AND NIGHT

The "Queen of the Night" is a very rare plant which is found in the swampy jungles of South Africa, where it grows in damp soil and in the shade. The plant reaches a height of 10 ft. or more. Though not so extremely rare as some other species of the cactus, very few people other than those who have seen it in its native soil have ever before had any means of knowing what it looked like in bloom. And its greatest peculiarity, to which its name is attributable, is that it only opens after sunset and then only lasts until near the dawn. Photographers anxious to get a picture of it in bloom have, therefore, not only had to contend with the darkness, which individually is nowadays easily overcome, but also with the fact that only continuous nightly vigils gave them any chance of being present when the bloom opens.

The SECRET EM

The Druses, who live in the Desert under th re-establish themselves in the

Of the ancient race which lived in the cedared land of Lebanon there are three legends told: (i) That they are Arabs from the Yemen; (ii) that they are Chinese in stock; (iii) that they are descended from the Kurds with whom Esarhaddon repeopled Samaria after the second captivity of Israel. They are also regarded as Iranians. Noted since the Maronite massacres of 1860 (a series of murders and reprisals so atrocious that a European Commission was set up to deal with the matter), for their ferocity, the Druses are of interest for their religion which, itself monotheistic, is a compound of the three great monotheistic faiths of Islam, Judaism, and Christendom. They hold that the Deity has on no less than ten occasions been made manifest in human form, the last occasion being in the person of Hakim, the Neronically cruel Fatimite Caliph of Egypt, 966–1021. One tenet of their faith is that there is a definite number of souls, and when one man dies his spirit assumes another fleshly cloak and lives a life conditioned by that he has just laid down. The Druses, who are divided into two classes, the *Akals* and the *Jahils*, the initiate and the ignorant, look forward, as a prelude to the end of the world, to an Armageddon between Islam and Christendom, and celebrate their religion in mysteries. They have revolted against all their rulers—the Turks, the Egyptians, and now the French. They have some of the characteristics of the Scottish Highlanders and are extremely ascetic in their lives. The most famous figure in the history of the race has been the Emir Fakr-ed-din, who annexed Beyrout and Sidon and threatened Damascus in the early XVII century. The number of Druses living is impossible to estimate; they have been assessed at 70,000 and at 200,000. In the old days they were famous silk manufacturers

Sultan El-Atrash, the fugitive Sultan of the Druses, now living with about 5,000 followers in a city of tents in Northern Nejd, swears that he will never rest until his people are freed from the foreign oppressor.

A cloud of secrecy has hung over the revolt of the Druses against the French in 1925, and the fortunes of that people since their revolt. However, it is known that when France finally quelled their arrogant uprising many of the Druses left their mountains in the Hauran and fled into Transjordania, Iraq, and Nejd, following Sultan El-Atrash into exile, for he refused to be the puppet of France.

Atrash with about 5,000 followers first established himself in the Roman fortress of Azrak, a malarial oasis in Wadi Sirhan, the farthest outpost of Rome in Arabia. It is a massive basalt wall enclosing about an acre. Along the inside are low buildings, the centre an open square. The fortress is still almost intact, and its two stone doors, single slabs of basalt, which still swing on their old stone hinges, stood Atrash in good stead.

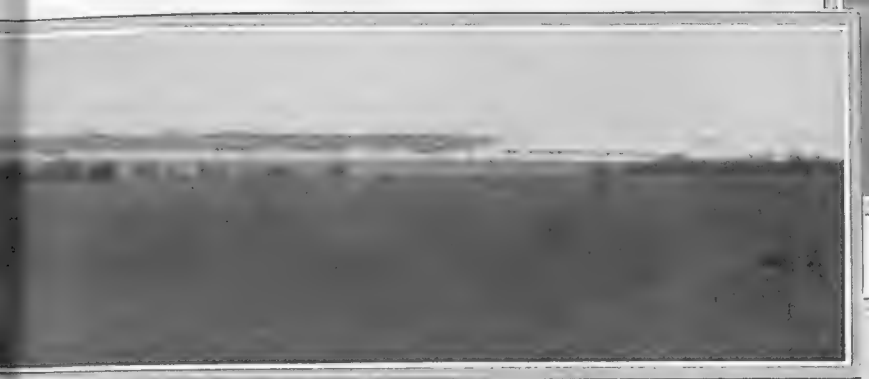
With this as his headquarters he led raids across the frontier into French-governed Hauran. For this, French military courts peremptorily condemned El-Atrash and most of his followers to death. This sentence still hangs over their heads, and they would be executed should any of them be caught in Syrian or French territory.

THE SULTAN ON HIS THRONE: Sultan El-Atrash (fourth from left) in his tent on the only kingly chair he possesses—a few cushions. On his left is a Druse nationalist who is an American citizen and whose official capacity is a mystery. The second figure from the left is Shekib el Wahab, on whose head France has placed a price, for he is supposed to have killed more people in the recent riots than anyone else. *Above* is a study of the Sultan slightly irritated by the mysteries of the camera

NOURISHED IN HATRED: The youth of the Druses in Haditah have an education of sorts. They can all read and write—Arabic of course—and they also learn arithmetic and geography. Their history is hatred of the French

PIRE *of the* DESERT

protection of Ibn Saud, King of Nejd, and hope to ancestral territory of the Hauran



A MIRAGE IN WADI SIRHAN: Contrary to popular opinion, this mirage permitted itself to be photographically reproduced. It was taken in the desert, 100 miles from the nearest sea or lake

EN ROUTE TO HADITAH: The silt-covered surface of a depression. In the background are the undulating basalt hills of the high plateau

WARRIORS OF "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA": Sultan El-Atrash and his bodyguard.

When Transjordania signed a treaty of extradition with Syria, an ultimatum was given to the Druses at Azrak to the effect that they must leave within twenty-four hours, and British aeroplanes and armoured-cars crowding around the oasis encouraged their obedience.

They fled down the Wadi Sirhan for some 80 miles, re-establishing themselves at Haditah, near two deserted wells. Here they live to-day, almost nomads, in low, black, goats' hair tents, allowed, as Atrash explained—to live in peace and quiet through the clemency of Ibn Saud, the Wahabi king of Nejd.

One source of income they have. From a depression near Haditah, which during the winter is sometimes covered by a few inches of water, they gather with immense labour a thin layer of salt which forms on the surface of the basalt gravel. They transport it 120 miles, and sell it in Amman, the capital of Transjordania.

It is reported that Haditah, the city of tents, is supported by funds raised in the United States, and further, that a major part of these funds is used in buying arms and creating an efficient army in the desert which, in the not distant future, is to begin its march toward the Hauran. How true these rumours are it is impossible to say. There is certainly no particular military display at Haditah. Each man carried a simple rifle, which is customary in Arabia, and these were hardly up-to-date models, but apparently had seen long and severe service.

Some of the Druses have become entirely nomadic, and follow wandering flocks of camels and goats, as with the seasons, they seek changing pastures. Agriculture here, of any kind, would be impossible. The country is a slowly undulating basalt plateau. Erosion has carried off the surface soil and has left a mass of basalt and flint boulders which glitter in the sunlight, an awful monotonous grey as far as the eye can reach.

Sultan Atrash, dressed in the flowing robes of a Bedouin, is a small, unprepossessing man of forty. It is difficult to understand how he has had the strength and determination to stay in the desert four long and bitter years, and through the privations, sufferings, and defeats, to hold his turbulent followers together.

His kindly blue eyes that squint in a pleasant smile contrast strangely with the rest of his face, the typical mask of the villain of a melodrama; a heavy jowl that he shaves about once a month, a weak mouth with thickish lips, a heavy moustache sagging dangerously, and a crooked, shapeless nose. But he, at moments, is even regal.

His only hope and ambition is to re-establish himself in the Hauran as its legitimate and independent sultan; but he says he will never be a pawn of any nation. Independence to him does not mean a mandate, benevolent or otherwise.

He has established a school in Haditah—a small room built of mud. Here for six hours a day, seven days in the week, the children gather and are tutored by a kindly old sheikh, are taught Arabic, arithmetic, geography, and a remorseless hatred for the French.

H.J.S.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF HADITAH: He complained his task was arduous and his equipment poor—but told with pride of the part he bore during "Revolt in the Desert"

THE YOUNG IDEA: Typical Druse children who go to the school established by the King under a kindly old Sheikh in Haditah, where they learn Arabic, arithmetic, and geography—and a remorseless hatred of the French

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

BALBO'S MASS FLIGHT.—Italo Balbo, sergeant in the World War, now at the age of thirty-five full ranking General and Minister of Aviation, has suddenly and dramatically displaced Gabriel d'Annunzio as Italy's outstanding hero of the air. And with much better claim to that title.

World imagination was stirred by the arrival in Brazil of ten seaplanes of the Italian Air Armada under General Balbo, after a non-stop flight across the South Atlantic from Bolama, Africa. It was both a spectacular flight and an outstanding historic achievement, which promises to give aviation the greatest impetus since Colonel Charles Lindbergh, the American "Lone Eagle," electrified the world by his arrival in Paris.

Columbus, an Italian, discovered America. It is therefore neither strange nor inappropriate that another Italian, Balbo, should have engraven himself into history as the first to conceive and carry out the daring plan of leading the pioneer air fleet from the Old World to "invade" the New. It is regrettable, however, that under the shadow of the remarkable personality of General Balbo the Press has given so little notice to so splendid an officer and pilot as Colonel Maddalena, second in command.

What will always be known as "Balbo's mass flight" has stirred dry dust in Air Ministries, and in the Americas seems to have kindled popular imagination to an extraordinary degree. The Italian aerial achievement opens new vistas of future possibilities as gloriously alluring in peace as they are appalling in war. In time the Atlantic may be no more than a "moat"—and no more protection to America. But as yet, the fears of invasion implied in a New York newspaper's "Balbo's flight throws a shadow over New York," seem as uncalled for as the headline in another American paper, "Balbo crosses the Atlantic on a bridge of ships."

That two of the Savoia twin-hulled and twin-motored flying-boats crashed at the take-off, killing five men, was a tragedy; and that two more were forced to land in mid-ocean, was most unfortunate, but in no wise detracts from the magnitude of the achievement. The fact that the latter were towed by a warship for 850 miles and brought to port speaks well for the increasing safety and seaworthy factors in the development of sea-aircraft. From Rome I hear that the Balbo flight has cost Italy 90,000,000 lire, approximately £1,000,000. In this sum were reckoned the price of the fourteen flying-boats; the many tons of petrol and oil, their shipment to various stations this end and the other side of the Atlantic, all the costs connected with the preparations at Cartagena, Bolama, Natal, Bahia, as well as the seven or eight destroyers stretched across the Atlantic from the African to the Brazilian coast. Even so, if advertising pays, then this achievement was an advertisement well worth a million sterling to Italy.

But it did not cost Italy that sum. The Savoia flying-boats, excepting those destroyed, remain an asset. The Fiat engines had world publicity. The petrol and oil, I understand, was furnished free for the advertising. Other items, down to the brand of soap used on the 'planes, was supplied without cost by the manufacturers. The warships were in commission and would have been cruising in the Mediterranean if not in the Atlantic.

In one thing Balbo's flight is no different from others that have crossed the Atlantic. The Italian flying-boats have not flown back; at least not yet. No landplane or seaplane has yet made a round trip flight of the Atlantic. None have "come back."

The German *Graf Zeppelin*, which in 1929 flew around the world in twenty-one days still holds the pennant for Atlantic crossings. It has four round trip flights, including one to South America, on its record.

The more I fly the more I am impressed with the thought of how the spirits of the air must smile derisively at our bombastic claims to "conquest of the air." As well lay claim to the conquest of Jove's thunderbolt.

After each great aviation achievement or advance it takes time for practical consolidation of the lessons learned and to realize on their value.

COSMOPOLITAN SWITZERLAND: Captain Borade, A.D.C. to the ex-Maharaja Tukoji Rao Holkar of Indore, (extreme right) who is seen above with the Maharani, Sharmisthabai Holkar (formerly Miss Nancy Miller of America) and Princess Manorama Raje Holkar, his daughter

THE LEADER OF THE MASS FLIGHT: A brilliant caricature of General Balbo which we publish by courtesy of "ABC" Madrid

RUSSIA BANS THE BOURGEOIS BATH.—That Saturday night is the bath night is what everybody knows. Soviet citizens who have more or less unresistingly submitted to the suppression of all their personal liberties, are miserably unwilling to renounce their weekly wash—on Saturday night. In vain the paternal Bolshevik Government tries to lure, to threaten them into the tub at the end of their four-day week. The seven-day week having been abolished in Russia, together with Sunday as a universal day of rest, every fifth day is a respite from labour for the Soviet citizen, and every day in the week, the "week-end" holiday for tens of thousands. Still, 35 per cent. of the population continues to bathe on Saturdays, 20 per cent. on Fridays, and the remaining 45 per cent. on other nights. It might not present such a vital question if every family boasted a bath, but one bath to twenty-five or thirty people is the average distribution of these commodities. Therefore in the increasingly crowded cities and new industrial centres, congestion in the public baths on Saturday nights is becoming a social problem, not to mention that it suggests an echo of the age of individual independence, family life, Sunday rest, and all the bourgeois tradition now taboo. The Worker's Paper in Moscow recently issued the dictum, "No more Saturday baths for Soviet citizens."

MUSSOLINI—PEACE MAKER!—Mussolini has sheathed his sword. In fact, he denies that he has ever bared it, or waved the Black Shirt. The Italian lion rampant has suddenly changed into a lamb; the Warrior Duce into a pacifist! The iron hand has pulled on a velvet glove.

All the European chancelleries, except those in the secret, are puzzled. And what is the secret?

Rome, like any capital that has Press censorship, is a whisper-maze of rumours. Tongues waggle there almost noiselessly. Rome and Moscow are the "whisper capitals of Europe."

England and France have agreed that no loans shall be made to Italy until the Duce comes to an agreement with France on the naval question, and enters the Five Power Naval Pact drawn up in London. That is one "whisper" of the secret of Mussolini's change of attitude. That America has refused a loan until the sabre-rattling has ceased is another of the many rumours. That the situation in Europe is so complicated and serious, frightening even the Duce at the appalling prospect of the possibility of war in view of the desperate economic conditions in Italy is yet another.

Fact is, that there has come a rather remarkable change in his tone within the last weeks. His Fox-Movietone "Talkie" for France, in which he spoke in French to the French people, and embarrassed the French government not a little, was all about the horrors of war, his rejection of the idea of war, and the imperative necessity for the maintenance of peace.

Mussolini's broadcast in the English language to America was about his abhorrence of war, his own and Italy's pacifistic attitude. His speech before the Senate at the beginning of the year, was a startling change of front compared with his speech last June. The tone of the Fascisti Press has altered noticeably. There was little or no emphasis laid on the military significance of the flight of the Italian Air Squadrons under General Balbo to South America. Mussolini himself scarcely touches on the military aspect, in his own article on that flight, written for the American Press.

In many a European chancellery there is a big question mark behind all this.

IRELAND'S GIFT TO THE VATICAN: The Dublin-made carpet sent as a gift from the Free State Government to the Pope. The carpet measures 32 ft. × 10 ft.

THE FAITH OF THE JAPANESE EDEN.—Japan claims the site of the Garden of Eden. Five million followers of Tenrikyo, the "Dancing Religion," founded ninety-one years ago by Mikiko, a woman, believe that the holy land divinely created as the beginning of our earth, is situated in the Yamato province of Japan. Twenty acres of ground in the village of Tamba-ichi, with Tenrikyo headquarters in the centre, called Ji Ba—Old Man and Old Woman—express the idea that the world population originated with the first Man and the first Woman.

With 5,000,000 adherents, 60,000 teachers, some 10,000 churches, and increasing popularity in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, it has been estimated that in ten years' time, Tenrikyo will have 10,000,000 followers, outnumbering those of Shinto itself.

Mikiko, the foundress, nursing a neighbour's dying child, prayed for its recovery. The child lived. Later she saved both herself and her husband by prayer, and claimed a revelation. Widowed at the age of fifty-six, Mikiko, accompanied by her fifth daughter, began to preach a new faith at street corners. Fifteen years of persecution followed, but the movement grew. Her last imprisonment was at the age of eighty-nine. One year after, Mikiko died, murmuring "I am going to open the door and level the ground."

The extraordinary appeal of Tenrikyo lies in the belief that it is, in effect, an antidote to illness and human misery. The "faithful" keep well, because sickness is nothing more than a "raid on human bodies" by gods angered at mankind's sins and shortcomings. The Tenrikyo gods bitterly resent neglect of homage, so faith, devotion, and observance constitute something like health insurance.

Every morning the Tenrikyo Church in Tokyo sees some 300 worshippers, who afterwards go out to preach in the streets. Graduates from Tenrikyo theological colleges are taught elocution, singing, and dancing, which arts they employ to impress and move their listeners.

In contrast to most religions admitting a Redeemer, or hoping for one, Tenrikyo holds that every man and woman is his or her own redeemer, and that no power exists capable of "saving" those who refuse or neglect to redeem themselves. Followers are exhorted to "sweep away evil and disease with the help of Tenrikyo, remembering that the first husband and wife who made this world were free from afflictions, both of body and soul."

Sin is compared to dust, which is disease-breeding and unwholesome, but can be swept away. The sins are eight in number—covetousness, regret, passion, hatred, resentment, anger, desire and pride. Very few renounce the religion once they have embraced it, and the majority were converted after illness, believing that the Tenrikyo gods had been mercifully responsible for their cure.

NEWS *from* ABROAD

Notable Foreign Events and Personalities

"JOHNNY" IN MOSCOW: Britain's most spectacular flying woman, whose flight to Pekin was enforcedly arrested by circumstance in Poland, visited Moscow, where she met noted pilots of the Soviet. Miss Amy Johnson is seen above with the polar aviator, M. Tschuchnowski, on left; two Soviet sentries are seen on the right

THE CONSTITUTIONAL DICTATOR OF MONACO: Prince Louis arrives at the Cathedral for service on his sixty-first birthday—an occasion celebrated with great pomp and enthusiasm

THE RULERS OF JUGO-SLAVIA: King Alexander and Queen Maria. The king is the only royal dictator in Europe—save for Prince Louis of Monaco. Almost coincidentally with the Queen's birthday the King celebrated his second anniversary as a dictator this month. The ceremony seen above was gay with picturesque peasant costumes

AN ART EXPERT OUSTED BY IMMIGRATION LAWS: Mr. Philip A. Hendy, a young Englishman, an expert and connoisseur of Art, who was recently appointed curator of the 1,500 pictures at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was somewhat dismayed to find that he was not rated as a "learned person" under the immigration laws, and that he must return to England to enable him to return to the United States under the yearly quota. Mr. Hendy is a graduate of Oxford and enjoys an international reputation in the Art world. Mr. Hendy is seen above in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

RESTORED BY THE GENEROSITY OF AMERICA: The colonnades in the gardens of the great château of Versailles which, in addition to other features of the grounds, have been completely restored by the Rockefeller Fund

The West Norfolk Foxhounds: *The happy crowd of children riders behind the hounds at the meet held recently at Neston Hall*

The North Staffordshire Foxhounds: *The field breaking from the road across country near Norton in Hales, near Market Drayton, Salop. This picture was taken during the After-the-Ball meet*

The

THE SPORT of the "COUNTY"

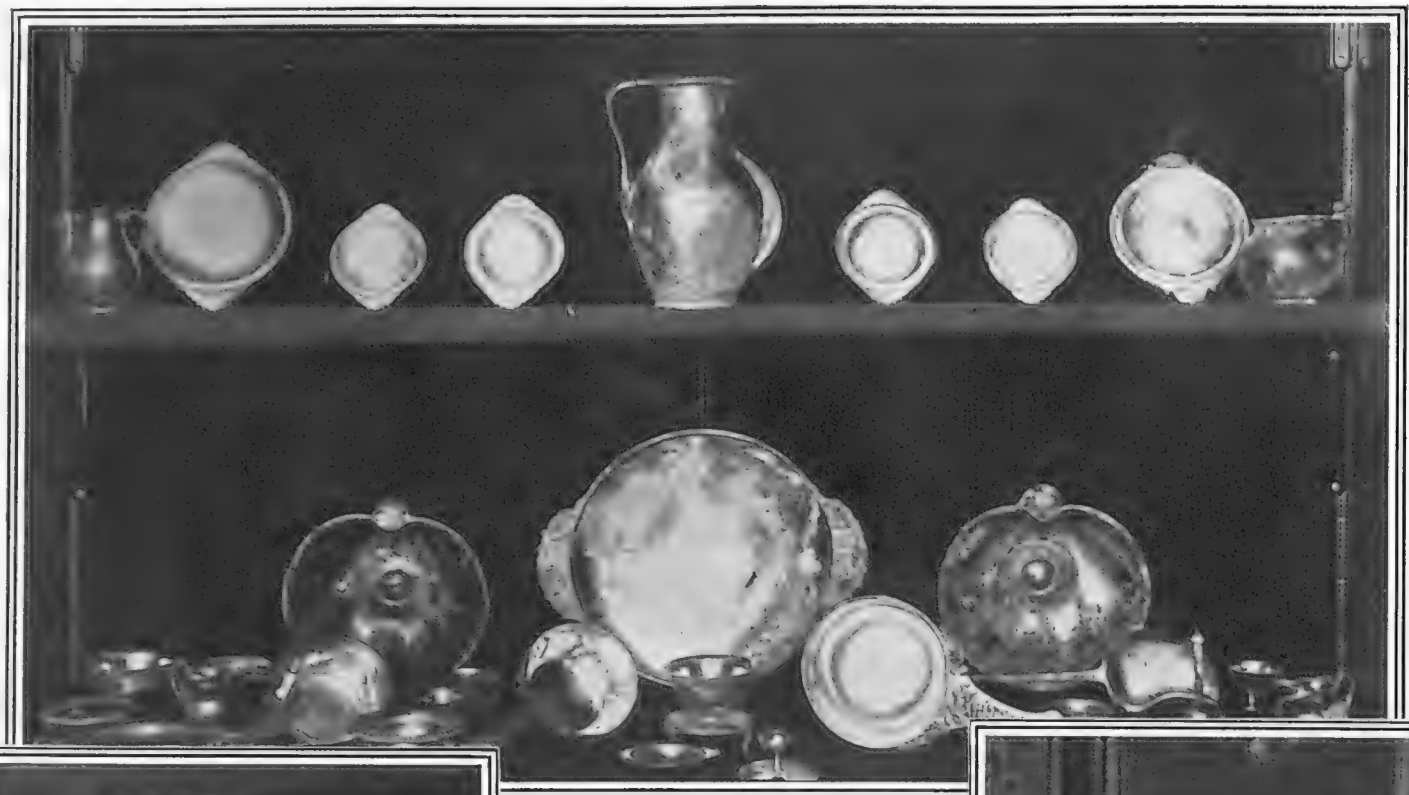
Hunting in Full Swing All Over England After the Recent Severe Frosts

The Grafton Foxhounds: *The field passes through a pretty avenue near Towcester after meeting at Gayton, Northants*

The South and West Wilts Foxhounds: *A general view of the meet at Pyt House, Tisbury, Wilts. After an interim of emptiness and an interlude of serving as a crammer's, this imposing mansion near Shaftesbury has taken up its old position in the County*

HOW the

The Great Trea and a Setting



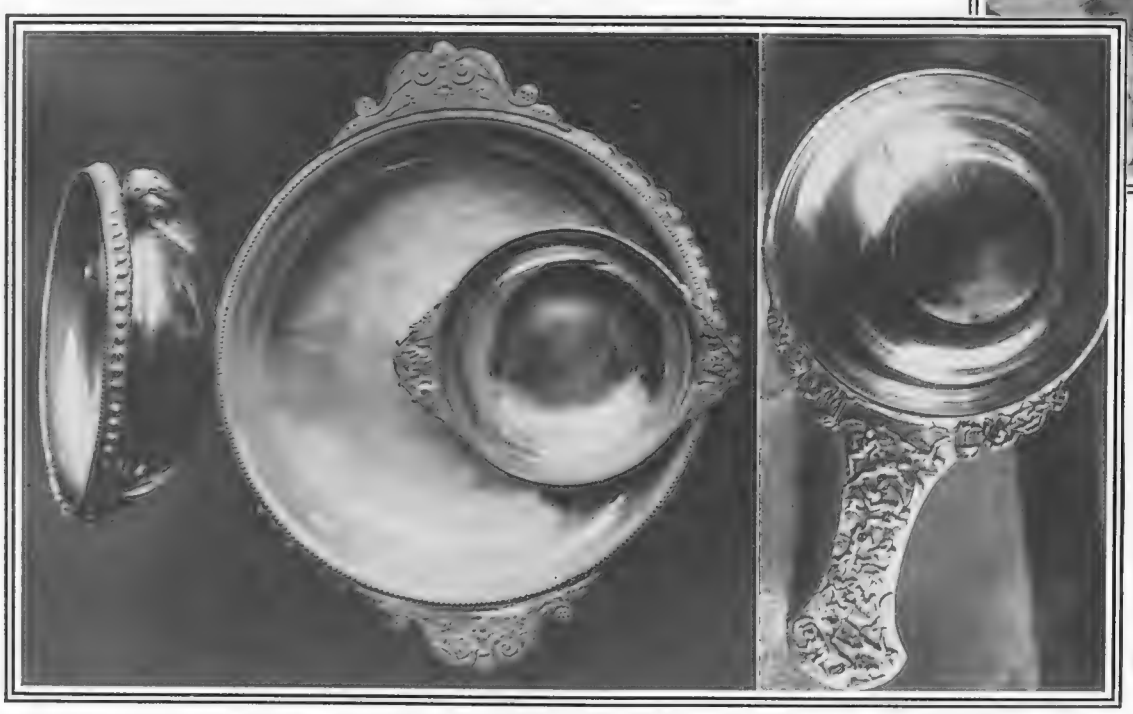
DECORATED WITH THE LABOURS OF HERCULES: A portion of the dinner service first found in the house of Menander Pompeii

AN EXQUISITE FLAGON: A large piece in silver, just discovered in Pompeii

A ROMAN DINNER PARTY: A reconstruction of a en this page were used. The guests are presumed The smaller illustration above shows another re The front of the Temple of Apollo is shown — worshippers move

A notable discovery has just been made in Region I, Island X, Via dell' Abbondanza, Pompeii, in a house called *The House of Menander*, after a fresco on the walls, representing the Greek poet. A few weeks ago Signor Finelli, one of the assistants at Pompeii, noticed in this house that a corridor seemed to lead to a cellar. After digging a narrow passage in this he pushed himself through into the cellar where in a corner, he found two small silver dishes. Professor Maiuri was at once informed and he, with a few more men, crept into the cellar. They started to dig at the spot where the dishes had been found and quickly came upon a chest, made of wood and iron, containing a treasure-trove of a hundred and fifteen pieces. Besides a complete table service for four people—cups, saucers, dishes, spoons and jugs, all beautifully worked with mythological scenes and shining as if new—they also found two bracelets three pairs of ear-rings, two necklaces, 13 rings of heavy gold and 13 gold coins, as well as 33 coins in silver of the time of the Republic and the first days of the Empire. There was nothing in the appearance of the house to make one suppose that anything of value would be found there, but Professor Maiuri, with the flare of a true archæologist, had felt that, besides the small statue of Apollo and the two bronze beds already unearthed, more would come to light, and he returned to work there after an interruption of two years. People are wondering if the treasure now found had been hastily hidden before the owner ran from the burning town, but I am told that this is not likely. Everything was most carefully packed; there are traces of the material in which each object is wrapped. The treasure was taken to the Naples Museum for safety, for though Pompeii is guarded at night by trusty watchmen and great dogs, it was thought wiser to place gold and silver in a town. Its intrinsic value is several million lire; its artistic value cannot be estimated. In both it surpasses the find at Villa Prisco, Boscoreale, now in the Louvre.

The eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. (the month is doubtful—either August or November is ascribed to the event, although the date, the 23rd, is fixed) was notable for one of the most dramatic individual incidents of Roman history. Pliny the Elder—the commander of the Imperial Fleet, stationed at Misenum at that time—was astonished at the sudden and inexplicable appearance of a cloud of dust and ashes. He therefore took a small boat, sailed to Vesuvius, and landed on the coast. The country was deserted, but he remained over-long. Prevented



TREASURES OF ANCIENT POMPEII: Plates and jewel caskets in heavy engraved silver found in the House of Menander, Via dell' Abbondanza

WROUGHT BY A CLASSIC CELLINI: A ladle heavily ornamented

e ROMANS DINED

ea tures Just Found in Pompeii
g Where They Would be Used

Drawn for "The Sphere" by F. MATANIA
Roman dinner scene in which the utensils shown to be critically examining the new dinner service. construction by Mr. Matania of ancient Pompeii. partly shadow and partly real. Some ghostly towards the steps

by contrary winds from returning to Misenum, Pliny stayed in the danger-zone, and only when in serious jeopardy end endeavoured to escape too late, for he was overcome with fumes.

The excavations of the city date from 1592, when the architect, Fontana, discovered some ancient buildings in cutting an aqueduct. These were deemed to mark the old *Stabiæ*, and only in 1748 were they recognized as part of Pompeii. Unsystematic research proceeded until 1860, when the basis of the present scientific work was laid.

It is owing to Professor Maiuri's courtesy in allowing the new find to be photographed that we are enabled to illustrate it at this early stage.

THE HOUSE OF MENANDER: The end of the Via dell' Abbondanza, not yet fully excavated, where the new trove was found

The great gift of divination is of ancient standing but of mysterious quality. It has normally been limited to the discovery of water or mineral deposits, and, to many materialists, the gift falls either in the category of knavery or that of delusion. These sweeping statements, however, do not bear the test of actual evidence. The more enlightened, though unable to ascribe to any exact *rationale* this quasi-mystic function, yet admit—and, on occasion avail themselves of—its existence. The most remarkable phenomenon in this semi-science has recently been experienced in that portion of modern Italy which was ancient Etruria. Here Signorina Domenica Mataloni discovered by means of the divining-rod the presence of Etruscan relics, and actually stated the exact depth at which they would be found

ETRUSCAN TREASURES DISCOVERED BY A DIVINER: Signorina Domenica Mataloni, who found the site of an Etruscan treasure trove

FOR A CLASSICAL BANQUET: Some of the 1900-year-old dishes unearthed at Pompeii and deposited for safety in Naples

THAMES-SIDE ACTIVITIES

And Other Pictorial News from the Provinces

ALTERATION IN THE SHADOW OF WOLSEY'S PALACE: The new bridge at Hampton Court is causing many changes in the old-world village dominated by the great Tudor edifice

A FAMOUS TAVERN THAT IS NO MORE: The Castle Inn at Molesey which has been demolished to make room for the new Hampton Bridge under construction to replace the old bridge, an activity filling with noise and confusion a place of halcyon peace

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS: Pile-driving is going on in Hampton Reach—once a quiet stretch decorative with swans: now busy with contractors and all their noisy impedimenta

DEMOLITION ARRESTED: Hornby Castle, Bedale, has been purchased by a group of gentlemen and demolition has been stopped

IN JEOPARDY: The site of the Garrick Temple, erected in memory of Shakespeare and greatly admired by the great Lexicographer, is for sale. The temple may be demolished under a road-widening scheme

Inset above: DOOMED: Old Hampton Bridge, on its wooden buttresses, is to be replaced by a modern bridge—it is to be hoped one in harmony with the atmosphere

A GREAT MANSION TO BE CLOSED: Lord Astor's riverside residence, Cliveden, Taplow, is to be temporarily closed owing to the crushing taxation of to-day

THE YOUNGEST IDEA

Babies Born in the Purple, in Exile, in Luxury, and in Poverty

BIG PRAMS AND LITTLE PRAMS: A full "pram parade" at the Baby's Hotel, Clapham Park, an admirable organization started comparatively recently and now in full swing, where babies can be left by their parents for various periods of time. Even the kiddies have perambulators

A MIRACLE OF LACE: The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Lee Guinness who was named after her godmother, Lady Geraldine St. Lawrence

WORKING GIRLS ADOPT A BABY: Members of the Old Girls' League (an organization formed of girls who have been helped by the Waifs and Strays Society) have arranged to adopt and maintain, as a mark of gratitude for the fact that they themselves were helped by the Society, a baby named Elizabeth. The baby attended a gathering at St. Winifred's Home, Balham, the hostel at which live many of the girls who are now out at business. *Above*—is seen the Rev. A. J. Westcott, D.D., Secretary of the Society, and, *On left*, Miss Garrett, the matron, with some of the adopters and the baby.

THE CULT OF THE CINÉ CAMERA: Mrs. Victor Emmanuel takes a moving picture of her two sons and her niece, Miss Nancy Ziegler. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Emmanuel have taken Rockingham Castle, near Market Harboro', for the hunting season. *Above on left*—THE BABY OF THE HOUSE OF JUGO-SLAVIA: Prince Andrei, the third child of King Alexander, taken by Queen Maria herself. *Above, on right*—ENTERED FOR AN ENGLISH SCHOOL: The Archduchess Charlotte of Austria, daughter of the late ex-Emperor Carl and the ex-Empress Zita, whose name has been put down for a famous convent school in England

CHILDHOOD *and the* RIVIERA SCHOOL

Authors at Home, and a Delicate Journey into Lost Times

By CECIL ROBERTS

The *recherche du temps perdu* has other methods than those employed by Proust's famous work—for me quite unreadable in great stretches. He was often concerned in depicting a society into which, in reality, he scarcely ever penetrated. I once asked a French hostess whose name Proust frequently cited in his work, giving the impression that he regularly attended her salons, what, in turn, were her impressions of Proust. "But I never knew him, I never saw him," she replied. "He just borrowed my drawing-room for one of his imaginary receptions."

I do not think there is so much imagination in another *recherche du temps perdu* which I have just read, the tenderly evoked memories of childhood in Dr. Hans Carossa's *A Childhood* (Secker. 6s.) Dr. Carossa is a Rumanian author who recently published a war diary that won much praise, and received from the English critics a reception marked by the customary hysteria which seems to seize us when confronted with a foreign author. I recall how during the War there was a Russian boom. Many of the minor, unread authors of Russia were translated and greeted as masters by English critics who did not know a word of Russian, and hailed great masses of prose imbued with Slavonic melancholia as examples of sheer genius. We cannot recall their names to-day.

Similarly, I see that one of our leading critics says of the translation of Dr. Carossa's *Diary*, "I know of no better translation from the German than hers." As there has been only one translation, and the critic himself knows scarcely a word of German, this praise is somewhat ludicrous.

But I am glad that I did not allow the harmonious chorus greeting Dr. Carossa's first appearance to prejudice me against his second, *A Childhood*. Here is a book of true simplicity, narrating the early years of a small boy brought up in a village doctor's house. The life of this little village in Upper Bavaria is charmingly evoked and gradually through a child's eyes, and the fantastic exaggeration they give to things, we see the customs and folk-lore of the peasants, the sultry charm of a summer's day in the Bavarian highlands; the astonishing mixture of faith and credulity investing the mind of an unsophisticated race.

The small child remembers being awakened in the night and being taken down in his mother's arms and out into the street to see a comet. He was three, then, but the wondering village folk, the long tail of white fire across the dark night, and the whispering of awestruck villagers, were impressed on his infant mind. Next, he began to take notice of his father's patients. There was one, a mysterious doomed young man who had seen incredible things, the Crystal Palace, the Arch of Triumph, and the English Garden in Munich—I could wish, here, the translator had kept to the German name. There is magic for one and happy memories of the summer tea-tables in the *Englischer Garten* at Munich, but they vanish with a mere "English Garden." But this strange young man had seen greater wonders. Ludwig the King himself, the builder of incredible palaces, doomed to commit suicide in his lake. The young man had seen the King in the Corpus Christi procession, walking behind the Sacred Host, holding a large burning candle at arm's length. Poor young man, witness of such wonders! He was a wonder in himself. He had a disease of the larynx and had to breathe through a silver tube inserted directly into his windpipe. "I listened with wonder to the metallic sound of the air sucking in and out, and gradually came to imagine that the man was lined inside with pure silver. I gave him no peace but urged him continually to take long deep breaths, and with incredible patience, the unfortunate youth indulged me, although the effort brought tears to his eyes."

There is one of the most horrid children in fiction in a portrait of "The Trout," a small girl already something of a witch, who next fascinated young Hans. "The uncanny was her natural province; wicked deeds, darkness, and earthquakes; and she described them always as if she had been there herself." The scene then changes to a market town in the lower Bavarian plain where Hans' father bought a new practice. We now enter upon the entrancing episode of the old uncle who was a magician. He had come home to die, but little Hans cared nothing about this. He was altogether obsessed by the wonderful man who had had a letter addressed to him—"Parish Councillor and Magician." One night there was a great performance. The old man put on his robe and waved the magic wand. A handkerchief was burned and restored. From that moment on young Hans dreamed of being a magician. To impress his schoolfellows he gave them a free exhibition in a village inn, borrowed a cherished handkerchief, burned it—and met disaster and humiliation.

Dr. Carossa has a gentle, moving way of evoking the intensity of childhood's emotions. Growing up is the greatest adventure of all, and before "shades of the prison-house" begin to close upon the growing child, there is a vision clearer than any we can experience later. It is good to know that this delicate journey into lost times is to be continued in a second volume.

In THE SPHERE of January 3, I lamented the fact that the four volumes of Mr. Winston Churchill's *The World Crisis* cost five pounds. I suggested that there would be a very large public for the combined volume at the price of fifteen shillings. My wish has been almost anticipated. Messrs. Butterworth inform me that early in February they will publish an omnibus volume of *The World Crisis* at the price of twenty-one shillings. This is excellent value, and the enterprise should be rewarded with a large sale. We shall now have in one volume an absorbing survey of events from 1911–1918. The book will have a new chapter on the Battle of the Marne, the turning point of the War. A few purely technical details have been cut out from the earlier volumes, but otherwise the book gives the whole story in some eight hundred pages with maps and plans.

JOHN ELDRED: One of the first Englishmen who came in close contact with India in pre-British days

I recall vividly that the first serial story I read, at an age when I had to spell out many of the words, was in a paper with a yellow cover. It was called *The Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* and contained not only stirring stories, but illustrations that often made my hair bristle. But the story I most vividly remember was by an author whose name was a severe struggle to pronounce in those days. I compromised by calling him Flip-and-opomy-thumb, which was the nearest I could get to E. Phillips Oppenheim.

That was nearly thirty years ago, and now in the strange whirligig of time I find myself ringing the bell of a villa situated about four miles out of Nice, where I am due to take lunch with the Prince of Storytellers, as someone has memorably dubbed him. I was shown by an Italian butler on to a loggia bathed in sunshine, with a gleam of oranges in the dark-leaved trees that always recall my sojourn in the Florida orange groves, in a winter climate I consider preferable to this of the Riviera, which is subject to sudden and intense cold, and after sundown knows not those soft summery evenings when one plays tennis by arc-light, or sits in the porch rocking-chairs.

Mr. Oppenheim's sunny loggia was occupied by himself, small, stout and genial, a parrot walking the flags, and two Sealyhams, with the most charming pent-toed waggle, who preceded the advent of Mrs. Oppenheim. So here was the author, who had encouraged me to spell, in his home setting, for he is one of that large colony (which I once joined fitfully) that pursues its profession on the French Riviera. I suppose the doyen of them was W. J. Locke. He entertained widely at his villa and never seemed to allow work to intrude upon pleasure. You met him at tennis parties, luncheons, and at-homes, immaculate and debonair. But he was one of those lucky authors who could work to a time-table. Punctually at ten each evening he retired to his study and began work.

Locke was not only an authority upon romance but also upon wine, and he had a famed cellar. I am told that his only rival as a connoisseur was Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, and he paid him a tribute by bequeathing him his cellar. It may be I drank some of the vintages stored by the author of *The Beloved Vagabond*, but I know not, being too interested in the talk of my host and hostess, and, alas, good wine is wasted on me, my palate being a very indifferent thing. When I reminded my host of his *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* days it was good to hear an author who had generous things to say of his publisher. "They gave me my start—and what is more, they paid me far too much in those days, I'm sure," he said. With that remark he becomes the first admittedly overpaid author I have ever met.

Lunch finished, I was conducted to the workshop. It ranks among the pleasantest I have ever known. John Masefield has the fall of the fields towards old Oxford before him, Philip Gibbs has a mauve-grey line of the Surrey hills rising on the far horizon, Max Beerbohm, Somerset Maugham, and Phillips Oppenheim have the blue-green Mediterranean sea in view. Perhaps of these three southern studies, Max's is the most romantic. It is built on a flat terrace above the provincial road that skirts the mountains outside Rapallo. The room in which he writes is like the deck-house of a ship, if we call his terrace the bridge, for it commands the expanse of the sea, so that, looking through his window, one seems to be sailing south to Africa. When last I was there his study was painted a vivid blue, and, in keeping with the nautical setting, Max himself wore a reefer coat and a yachting cap.

Mr. Oppenheim's study, which is built at the foot of his garden, is almost too sumptuous for a workroom, England was expressed in an open fireplace as well as central heating. As we talked, in a room so drenched with January sunshine that Mrs. Oppenheim had to draw a blind to keep it out of my eyes, I became aware of golfers passing almost beneath the window, which looked on one of the holes of Cagnes Golf Club. Like Max, the setting suggested his attire—Mr. Oppenheim wore plus-fours.

I had thought at first that he had been drawn to Cagnes, perhaps the most painted town on the Riviera, by its romantic position, with its castle commanding a hill over which the houses seem to have been spilt. But no, he came for the golf, though I believe the tables of Monte Carlo exercise equal sway over him. The people at Cagnes tell you he lives on the golf links; the people at Monte Carlo tell you he lives in the Casino. Somewhere between these two places he contrives to write two novels a year and a dozen short stories. I suppose that, with Edgar Wallace and Cosmo Hamilton, he ranks amongst the most prolific of plot constructors.

I asked him how many novels he had written. He thought they numbered about one hundred and thirty. As for plots—his smile suggested another hundred and thirty awaiting attention. But when I sought to learn how and where he found his plots he could give me no help, for he utterly astonished me by saying he never thought a story out. He began with an interesting situation, and the rest followed.

The well-knit fashion of his plots suggests the most thorough planning. The story of *Matorni's Vineyard* came from nothing more than a noise of trains in the night of unusual frequency. He made inquiries and learned that during a recent Italo-French crisis, the French had laid down a siding and were bringing up guns to the frontier.

So I left Mr. Oppenheim, no wiser concerning the manner in which one becomes a prince of storytellers, but I had a glimmering idea of the basis of his success—he enjoys his work, I am certain. To borrow an analogy from outside his study window, he drives off from the tee in confidence, knowing that the baffling bunkers out of which he must extricate his heroes will certainly exist in the course of the story, and make it the more exciting.

Books worthy of serious consideration

The First Englishmen in India, edited with an introduction and notes *by J. Courtenay Locke* **(Routledge. 10s. 6d. net).**—This newest volume of "The Broadway Travellers" series consists of the letters and narratives of sundry Elizabethans who saw in India the chaos and corruption that obtained before the establishment of the *Pax Britannica*. A valuable volume, for, on the principle expressed in the axiom "The future is only the past," it shows what will happen to India if the strong hand, as seems possible, is too quickly relaxed.

The Dawn *by Don Agustin Edwards* **(Benn. 28s. net).**—The third volume of the great classic work on Chile. This brings the history, begun in *My Native Land* and continued in *Peoples of Old* from 1810 to 1841, when the first Constitutional President ended his first term of office. Praise can go no further than to say it is worthy to follow its precursors.

The Romance of Mme du Châtelet and Voltaire, *by André Maurel,* translated by Walter Mostyn **(Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net).**—A fascinating piece of psychological history by a distinguished French writer of a friendship and a *liaison*, with its deceits, its treacheries, and its quarrels. There is, however, too much historical present in the presentation.

The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay *(Frances Burney)* edited and selected with a preface and notes by Muriel Masefield **(Routledge. 12s. 6d. net).**—The idol of intellectual London in the days of Burke, Sheridan, Gibbon, and Reynolds is here revealed as a focal point round which many events revolved during the days of the Regency. Her comments on men, women, and the passing show of her period are quite delightful and cleverly selected.

THE THEATRE

A Pictorial Survey of Plays and Personalities of the Moment

THE TILLER GIRLS GO TO BED: One of the items in Folly To Be Wise, *the clever revue at the Piccadilly Theatre in which Miss Cicely Courtneidge (without Mr. Jack Hulbert who, however, produced the show) is seen. In this turn they enjoy their supper and retire to bed with the rhythmic precision which characterizes their usual dancing*

PLAYING A DUAL RÔLE: Mr. John Wyse who played at the Arts Theatre Club the parts of Louis XIV and the Man in the Velvet Mask, the King's brother

"I'VE GOT YOUR GOAT!" Mr. Bobby Howes and Miss Clarice Hardwicke, who provide the major portion of the humour in the new Drury Lane success, The Song of the Drum, *make great play with a nanny-goat. Their parts have been greatly improved since the first night, and they have been given more scope for their drollery*

"SO YOU'VE COME TO SEE HOW LOW I'VE SUNK": Mr. Derek Oldham, as the unjustly cashiered officer, and Miss Helen Gilliland, as the heroine in The Song of the Drum *at Drury Lane*

"JUST WE THREE": Left to right—Miss Queenie Leonard, Mr. Eaward Cooper, and Miss Effie Atherton. Miss Effie Atherton has played in several musical comedies in the West-End; Miss Queenie Leonard was one of Mr. Cochran's bright young ladies, and Mr. Cooper, the pianist of the party, is very well known in concert circles

Mr. John Wyse, the promising young actor, who played the dual rôle in *The Velvet Mask* at the Arts Theatre Club, fainted twice during one evening's performance—evidence of the strain the part involved. On both occasions the collapse was apposite to the words he spoke. "Just We Three" is a combination which has appeared at all the exclusive dance restaurants in town, and at several popular social functions. They have been engaged by Mr. Cochran for his new revue at the London Pavilion. They very generously appeared at the Illustrated Newspapers' Ball this month

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

The HOME of the GREEK GODS: CYPRUS

by CONSTANCE ALEXANDER

Except as a name on the map of Europe, Cyprus is but little known to the majority of English-speaking people. We do not yet realize that since the War it has become a British possession, having been held prior to 1914 as a sort of mandated territory by Britain, yet belonging to Turkey, a very complicated arrangement that had existed since 1878. Trailing off from the Greek Archipelago and lying off the coast of Asia Minor in the Mediterranean, Cyprus has a mild and a little heavy climate; the temperature rises very considerably in summer. Then the English community as well as the Cypriots (and now many Egyptians) go for two or three months to the summer resorts on the Troodos range, the highest peak being Mount Olympus 6,500 ft. high, and which is claimed by the islanders to be the original home of the Greek gods. Here among the pine forest, camps are to be found, while at a little lower altitude, in the various villages, hotels and villas have been erected. The best time, however, for the tourist to visit the island is in spring from March to May, then the wild flowers carpet the otherwise dreary Maesoria, the undulating and stony plain of which the lower part of the island consists.

Nicosia is the principal town and the seat of Government; here several moderate hotels—both in accommodation and price—are to be found. They are situated in the newer part of the city, outside the fine old walls that form a complete ring round the town, which was the capital of the island even in the days of the Lusignan kings.

Its interior is very Oriental, with narrow streets and tiny shops, hardly more than booths of an Eastern bazaar, without door or window, merely closed by shutters. Behind these the congeries of mud brick houses are packed tight against ancient buildings, once churches or monastic edifices of Gothic architecture, scarred relics erected during the sovereignty of the French Crusader kings. Cyprus has had a varied history, and has been held by many nations owing to her strategic position, a key to the lands of the eastern Mediterranean, and in more modern days to the Suez Canal. She has known many masters, Phœnician, Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab, Crusader, then ruled by the French family of Lusignan, who were kings of Jerusalem, afterwards by Venetian, then Turk, and now lastly by Britain. But for all that, the majority of Cypriots speak Greek, and are Greek in sympathies and religion, while a small portion are Turkish and Moslem.

Cyprus has been known throughout the ages as the birthplace of Aphrodite, and it was near Paphos, on the S.W. end of the island, that the goddess is said to have risen from the waves. Here stood magnificent temples to her honour, and ten miles away, at what is now known as Kouklia, are the ruins of an edifice, supposed to have been built originally by the Phœnicians as a temple to Astarte, but was later given over to the cult of the goddess of Love. It was also at Paphos that St. Paul and St. Barnabas journeyed to preach the new Gospel, and where to this day a pillar is shown as being the one to which St. Paul was tied when he received the "forty stripes save one."

On the north side of the island is Kyrenia, a small port with a fine old fortress, now used as a prison, but which dates from the days of the Lusignan kings, restored and altered under the Venetians and Turks. Two sides of its massive walls are washed by the sea, and on one there is an ancient landing-place guarded by a jagged reef of rocks, which has been utilized as a natural swimming-pool much resorted to by holiday makers. Five miles away are the magnificent remains of Belle Abbaye, also known as Belle Paese, said to be the finest monastic ruin of Gothic architecture in the Levant.

Famagusta, at the eastern end of the island, is a walled town and port with a new suburb of Varosha, where modern houses and the few shops are to be found. Famagusta is famed for being the scene of Shakespeare's *Othello*, and one of the bastions has appropriately been named Othello's Tower.

The once fine ecclesiastical buildings and numerous churches are now mere shells, or were converted into mosques or warehouses by the Turks, but the place has a sad and battered air. Some five miles away are the partly excavated ruins of Salamis, a town of importance from Phœnician to Roman days but now covered with a forest of willows except where the archæologists have uncovered the remains of a huge forum, a Christian basilica, and an aqueduct. Not far across the plain is a large Greek church built over the present tomb of St. Barnabas, his original burying-place being nearby close to a well which ever since has produced healing water.

The two southern towns, Larnaca and Limassol, are the chief harbours. The former looks like a small Italian port, while the latter has nothing to recommend it for its beauty, but it is interesting, as here King Richard Cœur-de-Lion landed on his way to the Crusades and married his beautiful Queen, Berengaria, in a little chapel in the fortress. A few miles away stands a tower, all that remains of the Castle of Kolossi, once the stronghold of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. The island was much used during the Crusades as a base for operations.

Cyprus is full of quaint legends, and many notable people, saints, both Christian and Muhammadan are said to have visited the island, and their dwelling-places or supposed tombs are now much hallowed. It is such things and the interesting life of the islanders that make it so attractive to visitors.

Mention must be made of the monasteries here. They are quite a feature of the island and have always been the "summer hotels" of the Cyprios, as these institutions are usually built in the mountains where the air is refreshing and cool. One of the most famous of them is Stavro Vouni, and its church is a revered shrine, for here is guarded a large portion of the Cross of the Penitent Thief, said to have been left there owing to a miraculous dream of St. Helena on her way from Jerusalem to Constantinople. The monks are always pleased to see visitors and are most hospitable.

The island is a veritable "Sleepy Hollow." The Government has expended just enough energy on it to make it conform to the ordinances of British rule, but for commerce or the more ordinary things of life it lacks "go."

Nevertheless, and rather because of these conditions, Cyprus is well worth a visit by anyone who may be spending a winter in Egypt or touring the Mediterranean, and it has the great merit of being accessible and inexpensive, a delightful place to while away a week or so, especially for those who have tired of the humdrum of the average holiday resorts.

Fortunately it is quite easy to get to Cyprus. For those disliking long sea voyages the Easter Mediterranean Express service leaves Marseilles every three weeks on Saturdays via Athens, the fare being £25 5s. 11d. (1st) and £21 2s. 10d. (2nd) from London. The Lloyd Triestino service from Trieste every fortnight is slightly cheaper. There is also, but somewhat more expensive, the Messageries Maritimes from Marseilles, or via Naples. The P. & O. Line has weekly sailings from London to Port Said, and thence the Khedivial Line is taken to Cyprus, or the boat may be picked up at Marseilles. By this route the fares direct from London to Cyprus are £42 5s. 1d. (1st) and £29 0s. 6d. (2nd), via Marseilles, by P. and O. special train from London, including sleeping car supplement, £45 5s. 1d. (1st throughout) or £33 0s. 6d. (1st rail and 2nd P. and O. steamer). The voyage through the Mediterranean is a delightful prelude to the stay in Cyprus. The P. and O. boats leave London on Fridays, Marseilles the following Friday, and are due at Port Said on Wednesday. The Khedivial boat for Cyprus leaves the same day and arrives at the island the following day.

KYRENIA: The old fortress dating from the Lusignan Kings of Cyprus and restored during the sixteenth century by the Venetians and subsequently by the Turks. At its foot is a paved landing-stage used by bathers in the natural lagoon hard by

FAMAGUSTA: The bridge that spans the moat which leads to the gate of the walled city. Under Turkish rule neither Christian nor Jew was allowed within

A QUAINT CORNER OF A VANISHED CIVILIZATION: The Bouyouk khan, Nicosia, Cyprus. An island rich in the relics of the many civilizations it has known

"WITHIN THE POTTER'S HOUSE": A fascinating shop at Famagusta, one of the most interesting centres in the whole island of Cyprus

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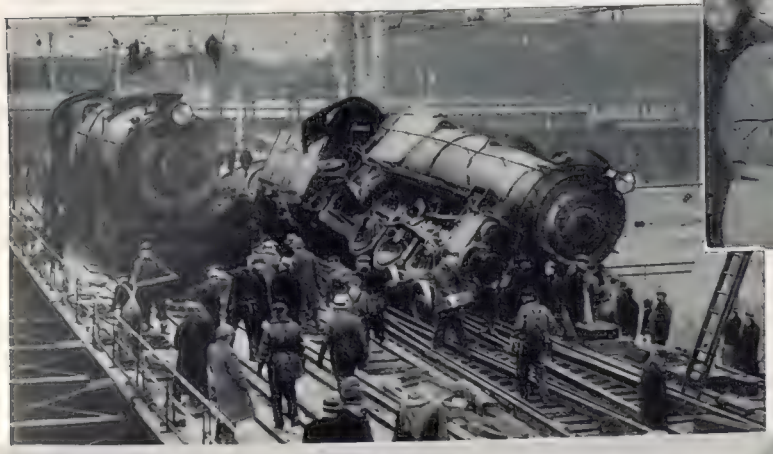
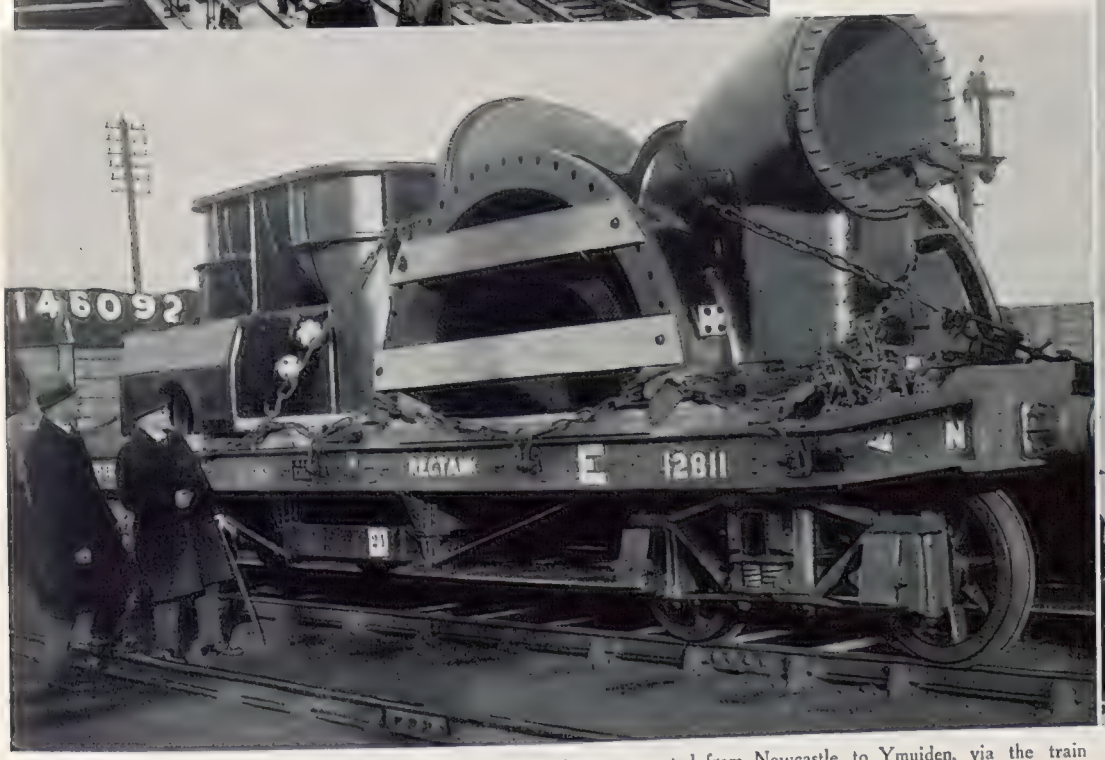
This Modern World of Ours

PRINCES OF THE CHURCH: A group at the Catholic Reunion just held in the Town Hall, Birmingham. *Seated*—The Archbishop of Birmingham, Cardinal MacRory (Primate of Ireland), and the Bishop of Plymouth

A NEPHEW DECORATES HIS UNCLE: Comte Jules de Traversay a former trustee of the Chambord estate, who was awarded the Legion of Honour in the war of 1870, was invested with it only a day or two ago at the Maurice de Saxe Barracks, Blois. The investiture was effected by the Count's own nephew, Colonel Guy de Traversay

A SCOUT PLAY IN JAPAN: The Danish Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Maller, in Tokio congratulates a boy scout actor





A TRANSPORT TRIUMPH: The L.N.E.R. have just transported from Newcastle to Ymuiden, via the train ferry, a load of out-size machinery made by Messrs. C. A. Parsons and Company for a Dutch power station. Some of the consignments were out of gauge and involved the displacement of rails to the centre of the permanent way. One single piece weighed sixty-five tons. *Inset*—AN AMERICAN CRASH: The scene when two engines collided in a suburban station near Philadelphia. The engine on the right was prevented only by a wall from crashing over a 30-ft. embankment

AERIAL MONSTERS: One of the three flying-boats nearing completion at Rochester to be employed on the new African route now being planned. They can carry ten passengers and 3,600 lb. of mail. *Above*—The hull is seen at the moment of launch on the Medway

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

MINIATURE COACHES

A Novel Decoration for the Home

By BASEDEN BUTT

Model coaches are the latest idea in home decoration. The models vary from about one foot to eighteen inches in length and are from seven to ten inches high. They are faithful reproductions in miniature of antique coaches in well-known museums, and in some instances they are replicas of coaches once used by historic personages. One of the most attractive of the models now being copied is a faithful miniature of the coach that originally belonged to Samuel Pepys. Of this coach the diarist wrote under the date, November 30, 1667: "Thus ended this month, with very good content, but most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished a coach and horses, the best I ever knew in the world and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped to be, or desired."

The model of the Pepys coach is particularly charming; its effect is splendid and particularly appropriate in interiors with the Wren style of architecture or with William and Mary furniture.

A model on somewhat similar lines is of the coach used by George Washington, of which a charming illustration is shown on this page, while another which is certain to appeal to many is of Wellington's famous Peninsula chaise, which was also used by the Iron Duke at the battle of Waterloo.

There is also a dashing replica of a four-in-hand, of which De Quincey wrote in his famous essay.

These little coaches, many of which are richly painted, gilt, and finished in a subdued antique tone, are a novel and arresting means for expressing the romantic old-world spirit. They are especially seen to advantage in gorgeous period settings, in spacious entrance hall or Georgian drawing-room. With taste and care in the selection of one's model they may be harmonized with any of the classical seventeenth or eighteenth-century styles in furnishing and decoration.

George Washington's Coach—one of the charming models copied from the original by D. E. Daumiller

A miniature of the Duke of Wellington's Peninsula chaise, also used at the battle of Waterloo

Above is a charming model of a four-in-hand of which De Quincey wrote in his famous essay

The BEDROOM *without* FURNITURE

The Elimination of Non-essential Movable Pieces

Recent years have seen several dramatic changes in bedroom furnishing fashions. One tendency, for example, which enjoys considerable popularity would have the effect, if developed to its logical conclusion, of causing the bedroom to disappear: homes without bedrooms would become commonplace. This would be the result of the present practice of using the bedroom to some extent as a sitting-room, including among the equipment fireside easy chairs and bookshelves, and using a divan-bed in place of the ordinary bedstead.

Another striking tendency is the fashion for built-in furniture. In modern homes all the equipment of the principal bedrooms is sometimes immovably fixed to the structure or, to use a technical expression, is "fitted."

The dressing-table is often built-in before a window. Built-in wardrobes, complete with all the usual interior fitments, occupy the recesses on either side of the chimney-breast, and sometimes the whole of one wall may be lined with cupboards for storage of underclothes, hats, garments, and bedding.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the modern bedroom frequently has no bedstead; or if a bedstead is used at all, it is of the simplest type, without a foot panel and with what is called a "stump end." The reason for this is that the foot panel of a bedstead only serves to obstruct the view and make the room seem smaller; and with the foot removed, the bed is a useful seat or divan during the day.

If the bedstead is eliminated entirely, the bed consists simply of box spring and overlay mattresses, the former resting either on a low frame, a plinth, or a raised platform which is constructed as part of the room; or the box mattress may stand on castors. These innovations are a result of the common-sense tendency now gaining ground to spend less on the bedstead and more on the mattress and bedding. It is the latter that are most important.

In modern bedrooms the bed-head frequently occupies a shallow alcove. The bed may be either fixed to a structure or may be removable from the fitted bed-head to make matters easier when the room is cleaned.

In bedrooms planned in this style even the bedside cabinet may be built-in, either as a separate fixture, or incorporated as a part of the bed-head. The chest of drawers, too, may be a fixture similar to the dressing-table. Almost the only movable furniture that one needs are the dressing-table stool, one or two easy chairs, and cushions.

Cupboards and shelves line the walls of this bedroom, which has also a built-in bed and bedside cabinet. Note the skilful use of mirrors along one wall. Architects, Easton and Robertson, FF.R.I.B.A.

A bedroom by Djo Bourgeois in which the walls are lined with cupboards and the bed is fitted in a shallow recess. The fire-place and overmantel are carried out in glass and metal

DAYTIME *and* EVENING ENSEMBLES *for the* CHIC WOMAN

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Janet Jevons

Janet Jevons

Miss Enid Stamp Taylor in a satin gown

Top Left
This creation worn by Miss Diana Wynyard is executed in cloth of silver. Swathed closely over the hips, the skirt flares effectively and is finished at the hem with a multitude of tiny tucks —an embellishment giving an attractive setting to the flowing lines of the gown

Top Right
Severity, relieved solely by a touch of white at wrist and throat, is the keynote of this simple office frock, worn by Miss Madeleine Carroll. The skirt is pleated and the waistline is marked with buttons. The unusual shape of the collar gives a novel touch of chic to the whole

Left
In the picture Miss Enid Stamp Taylor is seen wearing a charming evening frock of pale pink satin. The V-shaped corsage gives a particularly slimming line to this gown which is accentuated by the slight fullness at the hip-line. The necklace which is made of pink, black, and crystal beads adds an attractive finish to the ensemble

Right
This smart sports ensemble is worn by Dorothy Mackaill, the well-known film star. The zipper jacket is of green suède with a matching belt, and the hat of green tweed trimmed with leather. With the coat a skirt of green tweed is worn and shoes of suède to tone

THE WORLD OF WOMEN—II

A PARADISE—IN SUMMER FOR THE WALKER, IN WINTER FOR THE SKIER: The Pikes of Langdale which in the flower season yield the scent of thyme and whose black faces are murmurous with waterfalls and a-thrill with the cry of birds. In winter they are held in the magic spell of silence cast by the frost. It was from this district that the author of the accompanying article saw the northern phenomenon of the "mock sun"

SKI-ING IN ENGLAND

By EVELYN PIRIE

A Record of a Dash to Cumberland for Two Days' Winter Sport

"Il faut souffrir pour être skieur," at any rate in this country. Everyone who knows the fells of our lake district will realize that it requires a good deal of snow to cover the rock-strewn hill-sides and make it really safe enough to run down with any speed. The keen ski-runner, however, will put on his skis and attempt any sort of snow and enjoy it, especially if he can boast of ski-ing in his own countryside.

I have just returned from two days in Cumberland, whither I went with my sister on hearing of snow in the north. We took it into our heads to go up by motor-bus, which journey, had it been nice summer weather, had we not had to change five times, or had our skis with us, or had we started punctually from anywhere, would have been a pleasant one. As it was, we left Regent Street at midnight, half an hour late, and arrived a little wilted at a certain farm in Borrowdale, near Keswick, at 5 p.m. next evening.

With regard to skis as travelling companions in England—except in the boat-train from Victoria—they are usually regarded by all transport officials as outlandish, unnecessary, and decidedly more trouble than they are worth. Trains will tolerate them, buses make the best of a bad job of them, and taxis refuse them—unless heavily bribed.

There had been no fresh snow for two or three days when we arrived, but the fell tops were sparkling with the last fall. Below, the valleys were in the grip of a hard frost which covered every twig, every blade of grass and pebble on the road with thick rime. Derwentwater was covered with young ice as we drove past, and reflected the snowy tops of Cat Bells on its clear surface.

It was dark when we reached our destination, and we stood a few moments outside to admire the white moonlight flooding the meadows and the fells, and to listen to the perfect silence of the stilly frost.

The following morning we shouldered our skis and set off for Styhead Pass, hoping to find enough snow to enable us to put the sealskins on our skis for the toil up. The country looked unfamiliar in its winter aspect, but so beautiful that we wondered we had never come in winter before. Soon, however, as the path to Stockly Bridge became more difficult, we had no eyes for scenery, but must pick our way carefully over the boulders and stretches of black and shiny ice, which were the streams that we had splashed across in summer. We were out of training, and the now unaccustomed weight of the skis on our shoulders made the well-known steep pitch above the bridge seem unusually severe.

It seemed a long time till we got to the snow, but at last, on reaching the tarn at the top of the pass, we found it, scanty and barely covering the grassy tufts. We sat and ate our lunch and gazed at Styhead Tarn, frozen and black, with the formidable crags of Great End behind, its deep vertical cracks and *couloirs* picked out in snowy relief. To our right was the steep, scree-filled gully of "Aaron's Slack," up which we had meant to go in the hope of obtaining a run on the slopes of Green Gable. But Aaron's Slack is hard work even in summer, and this was winter, when the rocks are glazed with ice, *and* we had our skis, so that when we heard two slight rock falls in that direction, we made it a good excuse to choose another way.

We then turned our attention to the ridge between Green Gable and Base Brown. It promised good snow, and we ascended on our skins, rather laboriously, between the rocks. Our joy knew no bounds when we reached the top and found 9 in. of best quality crystal snow as if it were straight from Switzerland. We stayed for an hour or more, marking the slopes with the unfamiliar tracks of ski, stopping only to admire the glorious sunset glow flushing the snowy hill-tops, while the eastern sky took on the velvet blue of advancing night. Regretfully we left and plunged down into the darkening valley below, and by the time we had reached the steep bit to Stockly Bridge it was night. The path down, therefore, was somewhat difficult, with its many iced rivulets: it is not pleasant to sit hard on a boulder when carrying skis. It was after six and a glorious starlight night when we arrived home.

Next morning we made for Green-up Edge. The mile and a half to Stoneythwaite village was dull walking. All the local inhabitants stopped to stare at us; the whole district had heard of the two women who had come up from the south with "some kind of long skates!"

GOOD SNOW ON GREEN-UP EDGE: The author of this article on an English "alp"

While we were resting we observed a curious phenomenon, such as I thought was only visible in polar regions. The sun was shining in a clear blue sky, and as I chanced to turn towards it I noticed on either side of it a small round rainbow, which resolved itself in a "mock sun." I commented on this to my sister, remarking that they were like the "sun-dogs" of the Poles, and she immediately replied, "They *are* sun-dogs." There was no doubt about it, for as we looked we saw, if not an entire circle round the true sun, at least the beginning of a halo emanating from the two mock suns.

After lunch we continued up the slope towards the summit of High White Stones in good snow; but after three-quarters of an hour we noticed that the storm from the north-west appeared to be approaching rapidly, so not wishing to be caught in a blizzard, we made for a nearer summit on our left. Here we took off our skins and prepared for our first real ski-run in the Lake District. There were many rocks at first; those uncovered were easy to avoid, but there were plenty that were just hidden, and running was rather difficult. After a while we came to grass-land, and we ran pleasantly down to the point where we had put on ski that morning.

After this came the inevitable stumble down the valley path in the half-light, our feet monotonously feeling for safe ground, but before we got home our tired spirits were rewarded by another Northern spectacle. Over the Buttermere Fells we suddenly saw a bright dagger of light hanging in the sky, while below were white flashes like slow-motion lightning illuminating the hills. We recognized them as Northern Lights, a sight not frequently seen so far south as Cumberland.

And so ended two perfect winter days in the Lake country, although the ski-ing was not up to Swiss standards. Nevertheless, another foot of snow only is required for really good conditions, and for those enthusiasts who cannot get abroad I recommend the Cumberland Fells.

THE GLORIES OF THE LAKE DISTRICT: The view looking north-west from High White Stones. The heavy storm clouds mentioned in the article are seen brooding over the distant hills

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WIRELESS—A *World-wide* BOOM

By GARRY ALLIGHAN

Time was when a woman was considered out of fashion if she did not possess a set of doyleys and anti-macassars. Now the unfashionable person is one who does not possess a radio set. To be minus a modern radio set is to be out of date and out of fashion. This, further, is one of the few axioms applicable to every stratum of society, because radio manufacture has now reached the pitch when a set capable of securing all the European stations is within reach of practically every purse.

Someone recently was painting a word-picture of the blind people who are only able to enjoy half of life; the black shutters of infinite darkness are let down on the beauties of nature for them, and all that exists is that within the embrace of their other senses. In a similar fashion one could show that the person who does not possess a radio set is only half living. The home without a set is one to which the sense of utmost hearing is denied, and the exquisite thrill of etherealized music and drama is never experienced.

One well-known author once pictured a world without religion; a world without radio would be almost as bleak. This amazing commonplace—radio—has crept along the channels of human existence almost unawares. One gets a considerable shock in remembering that broadcasting has just celebrated its eighth birthday. Six years ago the possessor of a radio set was a rarity: to-day that home is almost a curio where there is no radio set. One of the persons I have yet to discover is he or she who, once having possessed a set, has discarded it; it is almost impossible to conceive of anyone, of their own volition, giving up all the amusements and entertainments and æsthetic satisfactions which are introduced into the ordinary home by the magic fingers of radio.

There are very concrete reasons why this is destined to be the first year in radio's boom period. First of all there is the fact that the B.B.C. contribution to National enjoyment is increasing with each succeeding month. It is appropriate to British characteristics that on all sides there should be criticism of the B.B.C., because as a nation we have a happy aptitude for decrying our own best wares. This strange analogy exists, that what we so often condemn—the British system of broadcasting—is the envy of every other country in the world. The grounds for this envy are being amplified during the rest of this year—the B.B.C. will add to its services and expand its facilities so that there will be no department of human existence uninvaded by British broadcasting with beneficial effects to the people of this country.

I am in a position to say that more than ever will alternative programmes on the B.B.C. network be genuinely alternative. There has been a criticism in the past that they have only been alternative in wave-length—that is, that by twiddling the dial of the radio set to one wave-length you would get the same character of programme as on its alternative wave-length. This criticism has had some foundation, but I can prophesy that the grounds for it will be removed during the coming weeks. The ideal will be that different wave-lengths will have a different character; just as you go to the Lyceum for melodrama and to the Gaiety for musical comedy so you will tune-in on one wave-length for light entertainment, on another wave-length for classical music, on another wave-length for talks, on a fourth wave-length for radio drama. When that ideal is achieved I can see no cause for further criticism, and it is good to know that Sir John Reith has set his mind on giving 100 per cent. satisfaction to the entire nation in respect to broadcast programmes.

A VIOLIN RECITAL

Mr. Aubrey Ford

Mr. Donald Ford

Messrs. Aubrey and Donald Ford held a successful recital of violin sonatas at the Wigmore Hall last Monday, January 26. The performance opened with Mozart's works in E minor and G major and, good as that was, went from strength to strength, reaching its climax in Medtner's Sonata (Op. 21). Despite a slight tendency to conceive their execution as a series of separate phrases rather than as a complete entity, the evenness of the brothers' matching and their sympathetic co-operation rendered their feat a notable one

The other reason for anticipating the state of affairs when every other home will have its radio set—the probability for 1931—is that the manufacturers have now so perfected their arrangements that the latest sets are guaranteed to give utmost satisfaction, to be entirely fool-proof, to be based on a policy of simplicity in control and purity in reception. The radio-set of to-day has now no terrors for the uninitiated—it is not an involved, complicated piece of mechanism, but something so simply presented that the only technical knowledge required to get opera from Milan, a concert from Warsaw, or dance music from Berlin, is the ability to press a switch. Radio has brought us to the switch age—so simple is the operation involved in working radio sets.

There is a sense in which the radio set has "woman appeal" more than attraction for the male. That is mainly due to the fact that it is the woman's ideal companion. The average man uses the set during the last three or four hours of the day, but for the woman radio begins to exert companionable charms from the moment the man leaves for the office.

No more need we hear the old feminine plaint: "My life's a hum-drum colourless affair." Radio brings the varitinted humours of the entire world into her life. By twirling a dial in a walnut cabinet she can transport a dozen different delights into her sitting-room. It is now impossible for any woman to be lonely; radio gives her an introduction to the world's greatest musicians, dramatists, and thinkers.

Another reason for radio's woman-appeal is that the modern set is a piece of furniture that delights the female eye as its broadcast programmes please the ear. Furnishing is incomplete without a radio-set because the leading radio manufacturers are now offering sets which add charm to any room. To the cabineting of the modern set the manufacturers give as great, as expert, attention as to its technical components. Period woodwork—Jacobean or Chippendale or Sheraton—is employed and made to conform with the existing furnishing scheme. Colouring, lacquers, veneers—all these are recruited to give to the set a character that is appropriate to the home ensemble.

And so I finish where I begin: it is fashionable to be a set-owner—that person without a radio set is dated; back-dated.

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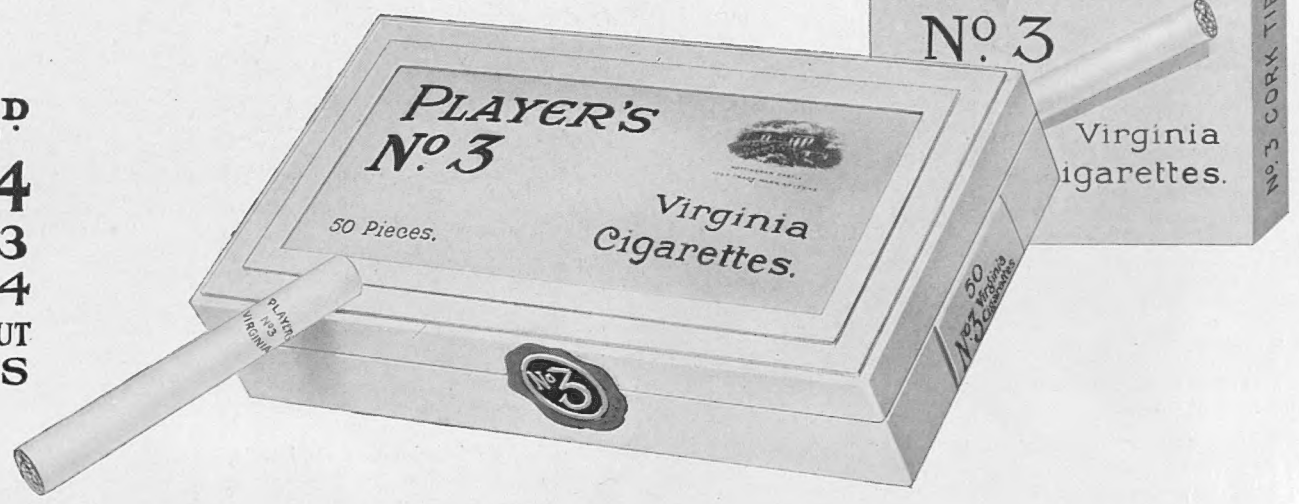

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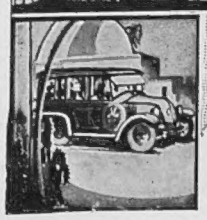
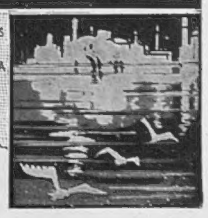




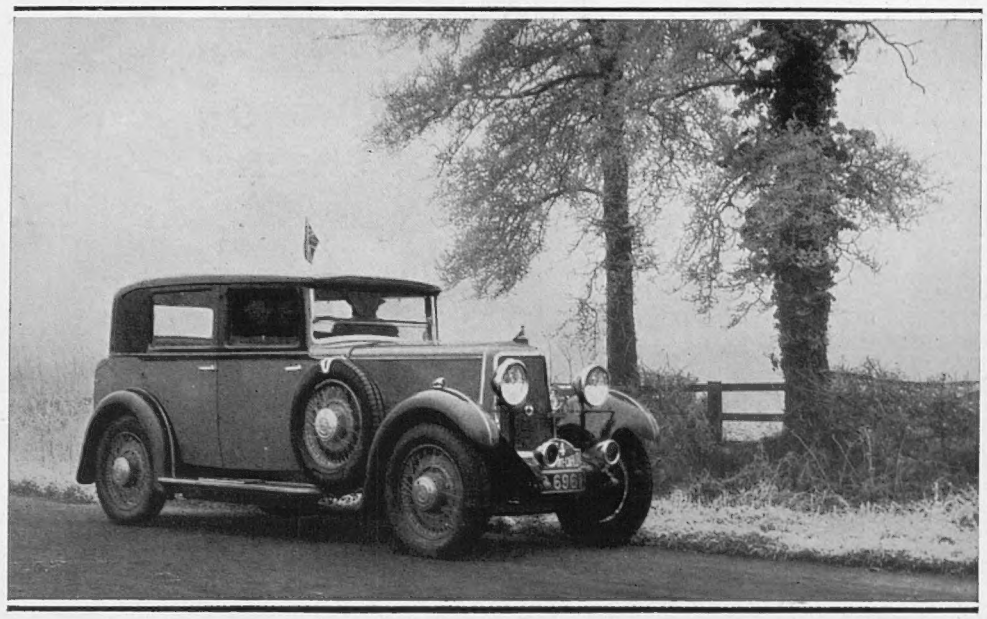
The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

MORE NEW REGULATIONS.—Continuing my remarks on the Highway Code now in draft form I notice the following words therein: "Remember that all persons—pedestrians, cyclists, persons leading, riding, or driving animals, and the drivers of motor or horse-drawn vehicles—have a right to use the highway, and an obligation to respect the rights of others." Satisfactory as this statement may be, I think it should be put stronger so that there will be no possibility of doubt should a pedestrian or any other road-user cause an accident through negligence or carelessness, that he is liable for the damages which he causes. In other words, I want to see it made quite definite that a pedestrian can be summoned for dangerous or careless walking in the same way as a motorist can be for dangerous or careless driving.

Further on in the code the drivers of motor vehicles are requested to regulate their speeds at all times to suit the circumstances and weather prevailing. Here, again, we have an injunction which is truly excellent, but I am sorry to say that unless the road that is being traversed is well known to the driver, he can never be certain that he has regulated his speed to suit the road conditions. Until the highway authorities adopt some standard non-skid surface for roads, motorists will always be in the air as to whether the particular stretch on which they find themselves is really safe at any given speed. One might be tempted to say, if in doubt, reduce the speed so that the factor of safety is large, but this advice is not practical because when touring in strange places the nature of the road surface is always unknown. Certain risks have therefore to be taken, otherwise there would be no use in driving a car at all.



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UNNECESSARY SIGNALS.—In the Highway Code we are given illustrations and instructions to enable us to make the proper signals at any given time. These are all very excellent, but my experience shows me that we have too many signals, and the more we have the greater will be the confusion. I think, therefore, that the Minister of Transport should cut out the signal for a motorist who is going to turn to the left. It is quite unnecessary, and the same sign which is also used to show that the driver intends to stop or slow down might also be dropped, because in these days the automatic "stop" light at the back of the car gives the necessary indication. I am also dead against the driver in front giving any signal to the vehicle behind for the latter to pass him. Personally, I never take any notice of the man in front so far as his hand-wagging is concerned, because on many occasions I have found that he has waved me on into a veritable death-trap, or else signalled to me not to proceed merely because he did not like me to overtake him. Regarding the latter, I once caught up a motor-cyclist on the London-Folkestone road, and as the road was full of twists and turns I had to keep behind him for about five miles. Every hundred yards he signalled to me not to overtake him, which I had no intention of doing, but when we eventually arrived at a straight stretch of about half a mile I overtook him in spite of his signals.

On pulling up to do some shopping in the next town my friend on the motor-cycle who had been so busy endeavouring to drive my car as well as his own motor-bicycle stopped beside me and was literally livid with rage, "Did you not see me signal that you should stay behind?" he gurgled at me, and then added that he would report me to the A.A. and the R.A.C. I quote this instance to show the absurdity of asking the man in front to signal to the overtaking car as to when the latter may pass. The driver of the overtaking car must be left to form his own judgment, and should be held responsible for any accidents which he may cause through having overtaken.

As a general principle drivers should be made to think for themselves as much as possible and not to rely for guidance on the signals of other drivers.

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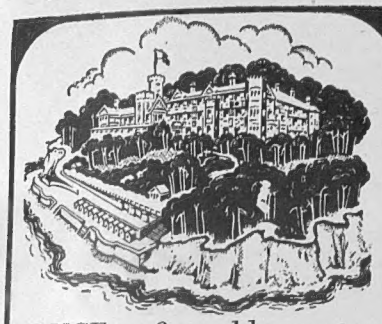

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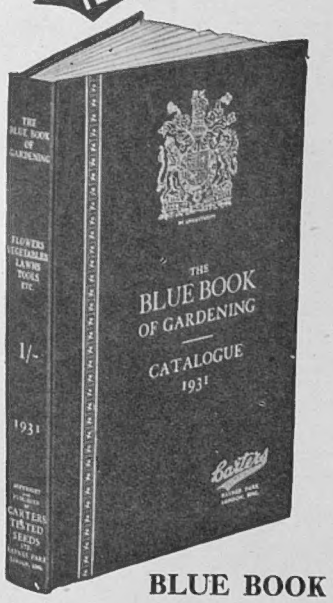

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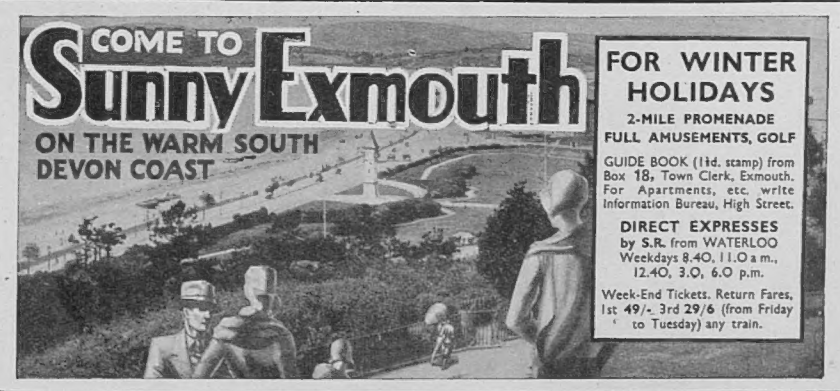

GARDEN LOVER! Did you know there is a new *SCENTED* Aquilegia!

From the new Gardening Article in THE SKETCH, JANUARY 14th:

"An old favourite comes in new guise . . . . a Columbine, "Crimson Star," wears a crimson outer skirt and cream petticoat. She is sure to be popular, but not more so than her young cousin, whose story is this. Some time ago, some seeds of a scented columbine were sent to the Home Country from North India. In due course, this Indian cousin was wedded to the long-spurred aquilegia which we know so well, and the offspring is now offered to us for the first time. . . ."

The Second Fortnightly GARDENING ARTICLE by Marguerite James, F.R.H.S., appears in this week's issue of

THE SKETCH

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DOES EVERYONE PITY A MAN WITH DAUGHTERS?

IN "I'D RATHER BE A WOMAN"
by Lady Drummond Hay

"How many men rise above the average? More women rise above the average in their individual stations of life. Many do it by virtue of that inherited power and influence which found expression in the spectacular careers of immortal heroines of real romance, adventure and sacrifice; others by personal effort, tenacity and cool repudiation of the existence of a traditionally accepted sex-inferiority-complex.

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred say they would rather be men than women. Handicapped by this inferiority-complex, incubated in the nursery, they imagine themselves deprived of a superiority of advantage, which is in reality but a shadow of their own birthright.

Generations of mothers have instilled the inferiority-complex into their daughters, who after spasmodic spells in the teens and twenties, of surprise, resentment and rebellion, proceed to repeat the tradition in their own families and nurseries. Putting aside America, where women numerically in the minority, have been considered and courted as in no other country, girls all over the world rank second to their brothers. Everyone pities a man with daughters and no son. The tragedy of no heir, be it only to his father's watch and chain, is just as real in England as it is China!"

It's good to go on reading . . . .

FEBRUARY ISSUE
ON SALE, FEB. 3rd

"I'D RATHER BE A WOMAN" by Lady Drummond Hay
"THE MOON AT CARTHAGE" by Marjorie Bowen
"EVERYWOMAN" by May Edginton
"THE 'CANNON FODDER' OF INDUSTRY" by Joan Woollcombe
"THE CAMEL'S BACK" by Mollie Panter-Downes
"LA BELLE GABY" by Jeanne Bordeux
"ADVICE I MIGHT HAVE TAKEN" by Arthur Mills
"HOLLYWOOD'S SHOPS AND SHAMS" by Margaret Chute
"THE STORY OF COLA DI RIENZI, THE ROMAN DELIVERER" described by Norman Hill. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.
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